See Contents of the "John Bull" Pin. See Contents on Page 13.

JOHN BULL

[illegible] 1909 SATURDAY FEBRUARY 2, 1918 ONE PENNY

(Registered at the Post Office as a Newspaper.)

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

MOTHERS

Milk is nature's food for infants; it cannot be improved on. Therefore feed right by using

NESTLE'S MILK

which can STILL be sold at the

Cash Price 1/1½ per tin

only because we restricted sales when fresh milk was plentiful, enable us to supply the public at a low price during the winter when fresh milk is scarce and dear.—In this way, because of the demand, unknown brands in inferior tins or of inferior quality are sold at much higher prices. Insist on Nestle's which you can rely on as best.

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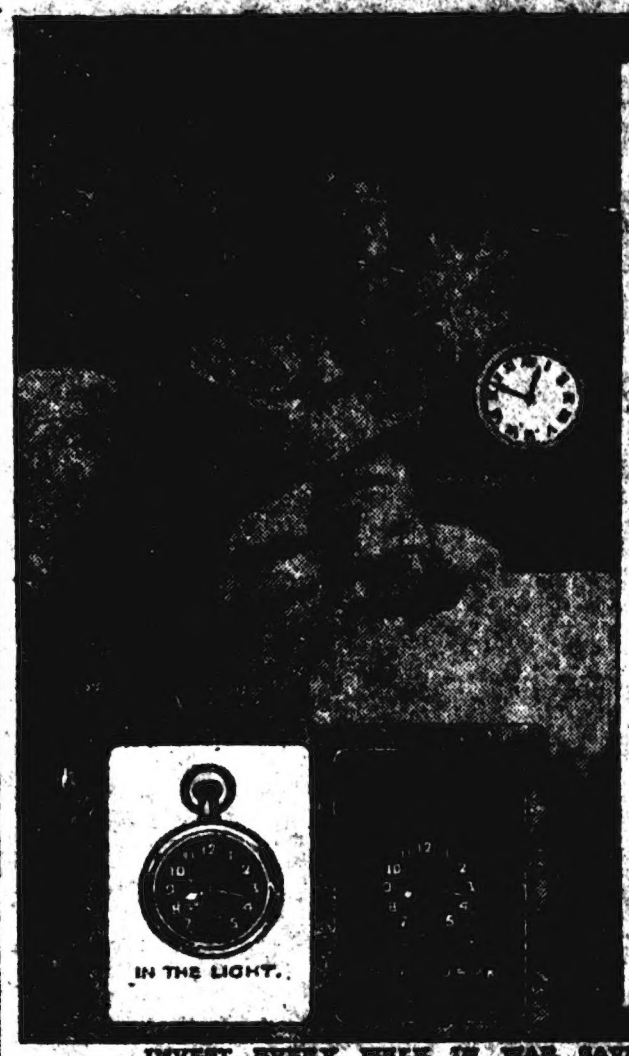
Nestlé House, Gresham Street, E.C.2

A GRAND TONIC

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY



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INVEST EVERY WEEK IN WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES OR NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

A War-Time Find.

Meat is expensive and you pay heavily for bone, gristle and waste. Try "Jack Tar Tuna" instead. It is very nutritious and absolutely without waste—no atom of skin or bone. The tin holds a delicious fillet of pink-white fish. In flavour it is like the breast of chicken; it needs no cooking or other preparation; it's an absolute treasure in War-time.

Imported and guaranteed by the proprietors of Sailor Slice and Skippers. If unable to get it, send your Grocer's name and address and 1/- in stamps for a ½lb. tin to ANGUS WATSON & Co., Dept. D. 11 Newcastle-on-Tyne

JACK TAR TUNA FISH

His face was glad, his hearts as bright
Flashed and reflected all the light
And like a silver clarion came
The accents of that well-known name
"DAY & MARTIN'S!"
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Put up in THE TIN WITH THE TAB and sold at 1½d., 3d., 4½d., and 9d.

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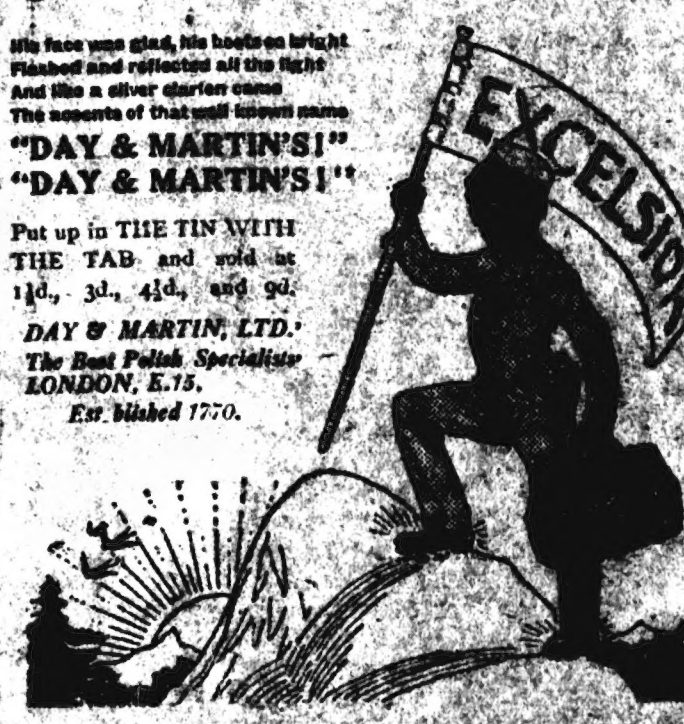

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JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 609. Week ending Saturday, February 2nd, 1918. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

TO OUR READERS.

We regret that, owing to a very serious fire at the premises of our Printers and Publishers—which occurred just as this issue was going to press—they were unable to supply the trade in time for this journal to be on sale on the usual day. We hope, however, that next week we shall publish as hitherto. We are sure that readers will forgive any inevitable departures from our customary size and form—and even publication in this way has been rendered possible only by the generous co-operation of the proprietors of other papers.

Robertson and Derby.

Don't listen to the silly talk about friction between Sir William Robertson and Lord Derby. The War Secretary is essentially a "Robertson and Haig" man.

A Parliamentary Hero.

We have it on the best authority that during the recent debate on the Cambrai disaster, Mr. Bonar Law, Leader of the House, was in the smoke-room racking his brains over a game of chess.

Another "Promotion."

By the way, is it the fact that another General, late of Cambrai, has already been given an important Command at home? Why was he brought back?

Ramsay.

So Mr. Ramsay Macdonald *was* offered a post in the Cabinet! So were we!

Our Latest Poet.

According to the *Birmingham Evening Dispatch*, we are to be "the first President of the British Republic." Our contemporary forgets that that post is an hereditary one.

Silver Badges.

When does Lord Derby propose to withdraw those Silver Badges from men who were never at the Front?

An Omission.

Surely, when the German Chancellor stipulated for the surrender by Britain of Gibraltar, Malta, the Falklands and Hong Kong, he meant to include the Orkneys and Shetlands?

If Ireland Were East!

Has it occurred to the Sinn Feiners to ask themselves what their attitude towards the war would be if Ireland were East, instead of the West, of England?

Kitchener's Fate.

Have you heard the story now being told by a German U-boat Commander, to the effect that the *Hampshire* was sunk by a submarine sent out specially to waylay it? When *are* we to have the Report of that Inquiry?

"Wild" Rabbits.

What about the thousands of rabbits running wild in Epping Forest? Couldn't a Sunday morning shooting party be arranged?

What's in a Name?

Somebody has sent us a leaflet about the International Free Trade League—the membership of which is to be confined to persons of "British Birth and Free Trade Convictions." The Honorary Secretary is "B. Zusman."

Premium Bonds.

Our scheme for the issue, within the law, of Prize Bonds—with absolute security for capital and an assured rate of interest—is held over this week.

Dr. Saleeby.

Does anyone know what has become of this gentleman? Has his departure from the Ministry of Food—if, indeed, he was ever really there—been notified to the Recruiting Authorities?

Wait and See.

On the appearance of our recent paragraph announcing the impending departure of Sir Arthur Yapp from the Ministry of Food, he called his staff together and told them "not to believe all they read in the papers." But if you see it in JOHN BULL——!

A Medical Mem.

Now that Colonel Goodwin has assumed control of the Army Medical Service, we suggest that one of the first things he should take in hand is the scandal of so many young and inexperienced doctors—mostly from overseas—being placed in our military hospitals. It is rough on Tommy.

Sir Edward Forgets.

In his interesting Reminiscences, Sir Edward Clarke does Mr. Justice Hawkins an injustice. The two were never good friends, but the statement that the Hansard Union case was one in which the famous Judge revealed his worst qualities is amazing! As a matter of fact, he dismissed Sir Edward's client from it—whilst in his summing-up he severely castigated the Crown counsel for their vindictiveness.

The Other Sir Edward.

After what we recently revealed respecting the disappointment of Sir Edward Carson with the results of the work of the War Aims Committee—of which he was the nominal head—his resignation comes as no surprise. But the Irish Convention was a convenient pretext.

"Even Bottomley."

Such was the interjection of an honourable Member when Mr. Kennedy Jones was saying that Haig told everyone who went to the Front that the war would be over by Christmas. We wish that M.P. knew what else he told us!

From Whitaker.

FROM 1914 VOLUME.		FROM 1917 VOLUME.	
Supt. of Registry: E. E. B. *Boehmer*	£500	Supt. of Registry: E. E. B. *Beamer*	£500

Evidently a printer's error somewhere.

In the Lump.

What are we fighting for? ask the soldiers in a Portsmouth hospital, when they go through the workhouse to get out for an evening, and see the poor old men there smoking the fag-ends which the Tommies throw away. Seems rotten, doesn't it? No wonder the soldiers make remarks.

Cheap Milk.

In face of the present high price of milk generally, the Skipton Co-operative Society, who are able to produce and sell it at 4½d. a quart and make a profit, may like to tell Lord Rhondda how they do it. The Manager asserts that if they had charged what other local retailers charge for their milk, they would have been able to add 5s. 10d. in the £ dividend to the profit the members have received!

Why Not British Blood?

The British Admiralty has appointed a new Director of Experiments. We emphasise the fact that it is the British Admiralty that has done this thing, because the gentleman appointed—let us describe him in full—"was well known at Newcastle-on-Tyne as Carl Hestermann Merz, the son of Dr. Merz, of pure German descent." There ought to be a Director of Experiments to direct the forbidding of such an experiment as that appointment.

Snobbery in School.

At a well-known school at Cricklewood, Mr. Headmaster asked for the names of boys whose fathers were in the Army. One little fellow gave his name, but was informed that only those whose fathers held commissions were meant. In the playground afterwards the same boy was taunted by another, "Your father's only a sergeant; mine's an officer." Whereupon the officer's son got one on the nose from the sergeant's son. We are sure that officers would be among the first to deplore such snobbishness.

Jellicoe's Job.

It seems that Mr. Bonar Law still permits himself to hope that Lord Jellicoe's great and exceptional abilities can be utilised for the country. Fair words, however, butter no parsnips. The solid fact is that the famous Admiral is still on the scrap heap, with his hands tied and his mouth shut. What sort of a job have the Government in mind for him before the Resurrection? The rumour that they propose to appoint him Keeper of the Swans is not, we assume, for a moment to be credited.

No Sugar for Baby.

A Tidworth man applied on 5th January to the local Food Committee at Andover for a sugar card in respect of his seven-weeks-old baby. The answer he received was that the baby should have been included in the original application. As, however, the infant was not born until 19th November and the "applications for sugar cards had to be in by 15th November," he is "puzzled to know how this could have been possible." Perhaps the Food Control Committee think it was his bounden duty to act on an intelligent anticipation of events by making proper arrangements for a probable visitor to town.

"Health" Economy?

At the National Shell Filling Factory at Chilwell, blue lavatory cards are issued to female operatives, who are entitled to two cards for each shift. "Press House Operatives," reads the card before us—"A Bonus of One Penny will be paid if this ticket is unused and placed in the rack with the clock card at the end of to-day's shift. This ticket if unused is worth one penny." Working full-time, a girl can make as much as a shilling a week; money for nothing—war bonus, in a way of speaking—but regardless of expense to her health. Isn't it scandalous?

Dilatory Justice.

Complaints are reaching us in regard to the slow progress of law suits instituted under the Poor Persons' Regulations, especially in cases of divorce, the delays in this department being in sharp contrast with the expedition with which the matrimonial suits of wealthy persons have lately been handled. What is the explanation?

Whiskers!

When *is* that "Royal Commission for the Exhibition of 1851" going to terminate its labours? No fewer than twenty-six eminent gentlemen—including Lord Lansdowne, Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Churchill and Mr. Bonar Law—serve upon it, and Heaven knows how much valuable time and money has been wasted. Surely in 67 years all possible matters should have been settled.

Unencouraging.

If the Board of Agriculture are really anxious to encourage allotment holders, they will have to buck up on the great manure question to more purpose than they did last year. Complaints reaching us indicate that allottees in every direction are charged the most exorbitant prices for natural and artificial manures, and that unless such fertilisers are obtainable more cheaply than last year, the value of the produce will be so disproportionate to the cost as to make it hardly worth while to carry on.

A Bridge Game.

At Newburn Bridge, Northumberland, there is a bridge. Newburn is on one side, Newburn Bridge on the other. To cross to Newburn, where the food shops are, the Newburn Bridge folk have to pay a shameless toll of one penny each way. As food must be hunted for, that toll costs some families 3s. or 4s. weekly. It is a wicked imposition—a relic of barbarism—and should be abolished. Newburn Bridge has the local name of "Klondyke," but the gold seems being drained from it.

Why Not the Luggage Van?

On January 9th, at St. Pancras, first-class passengers, including naval and military officers and two ladies, were requested to vacate their seats in the 12.15 p.m. train to Leicester to make way for Hun prisoners and escort. They were obliged to leave their carriage, and had to stand in the corridor. It was an outrage, and would have been equally outrageous had the displaced folk been third-class passengers. Yet a Canadian officer travelled 8,000 miles only to be humiliated in favour of the Hun he has come to fight!

Words of Offence.

Mr. Neatby, of Leominster, should bridle his nasty tongue. The Tribunal considered the case of Mr. Farrar, a missionary, the Mayor suggesting he would have a great moral influence with the soldiers. But Mr. Neatby "was afraid that he would find his life spoilt." Commander Windebank promptly tackled him for "hinting that any Englishman could be spoilt by contact with our brave soldiers." Of course Mr. Neatby shuffled—"he cast no reflection on the soldiers." What else, then, was the meaning of his offensive utterance?

Downing the U-Boats.

Stories of sinking U-boats come gaily to hand. One Tyne collier claims to have disposed of two, in November and December. They fired at the first, and sent up rockets. A patrol boat arrived, but could see no submarine. The Tynesiders claim that it was then lying in ocean's bed, scrapped as the result of the scrap. Next trip, the second pirate attacked them, missed with one torpedo, was shelled—and vanished. The crew say they never got a Christmas box. Assuming the truth of their account, they deserve a fine New Year gift.

A boon and a blessing in times so disquieting—"Everywoman's" Free Air Raid Insurance.

Servant Hoarding.

Soon there will have to be penalties imposed on mistresses who "hoard" servants, keeping them from other work, national or domestic. A recent offender is Lady Rendlesham, of Woodbridge, Suffolk—who, wanting a cook, advertises "2 in family, 12 servants." The two in family evidently do nothing at all for themselves; they cannot even think.

School Children's Dinner-Time.

The L.C.C. might at once enlarge that mid-day break which makes the children's dinner-time. It runs from 12 to 1.30, often not enough for mother to see to the dinner, and never enough if mother has to go out to work. Let the youngsters return to school at 2 o'clock, leaving at 4.30, for there is no longer truth in the plea of saving artificial light.

No Admittance.

Will the Bishop's Secretary, the Provost Marshal at Tidworth, or the General Officer Commanding Southern Command, have the goodness to satisfy our curiosity as to why Australian soldiers were prevented from entering Salisbury Cathedral on Intercession Sunday? Many of them, it appears, came from Fovant, ten miles distant, to attend. British and Canadian troops were admitted; only Australians, we are told, were banned.

A Fine Offer Refused.

A City man, distressed by queues, offered to buy 500 lbs. of tea, and similar quantities of margarine, cheese, and bacon, to distribute gratis to soldiers' wives, if Lord Rhondda would see that the goods were supplied. The cold answer from the Ministry of Food stated they "have no supplies at their disposal to enable them to allot the articles requested." As the offer is still open, the Ministry should reconsider that weak ground for an unreasonable negative.

How M'Dougall Does It.

First of all, A. P. M'Dougall—a man of military age—was exempt because he was a farmer. Now he is exempt because he has been appointed Chief Live Stock Commissioner for Scotland at £1,000 a year. Comrade Clynes doesn't suggest—and can't, without insulting Scots farmers—that no Scots farmer over military age is fit to do this job. And he can't suggest that M'Dougall's other work—which he isn't doing now—is so important. So that M'Dougall ought to feel specially nice towards the Food Controller.

Vanishing Bunny.

Still asserting its belief that the British farmer is a kindly and patriotic old soul, the Food Control thinks the vanished rabbit will come back to market. That is an optimistic view which we shall be unable to share until every Tom, Dick, and Harry, not otherwise engaged, is allowed to shoot and trap rabbits wherever he can find them. The rabbit is a most prolific rodent. In pre-war days it was fat and plenteous at 10d.; now it has gone to its lair because it won't be skinned for less than 4s. 6d. Yes, yes... The farmer is a dear old soul, a dear old soul is he.

A Rochdale Co-Op.

The Chief Constable of Rochdale complains that he "can't get at" a local Co-operative Society. Judging by exposures in a recent case, this philanthropic concern still imposes conditions on its customers; not the old "other goods" stunt, which is now illegal, but such a condition, for instance, as that a person must spend 7s. a week in order to obtain certain goods, thus compelling him to buy and hoard what he does not want in order to obtain what he does. We should have thought the local Food Control could devise some means of bringing the authors of this iniquity to the bar of justice.

The Farmer's "Five Bob."

Lots of sheep used to be killed and sent to London salesmen without going to market. Going to market means five shillings extra per sheep—for the auctioneers. The auctioneers have a strong union, or association. Is there any connection?

The Watches of the Night.

A Warrington paper contains a queer advertisement, requiring a "Very superior Person as Help, and assist." Help and assistance are fairly synonymous terms, but the assistance in this case is to be rendered to a "semi-invalid gentleman." The Very superior Person is to "occupy the same sleeping room," and, as light household duties are stipulated for, the Person indicated must be a female. But a male attendant would surely be more suitable for the advertiser.

"One Fold, One Shepherd."

The *Camberley Parish Magazine*, and doubtless other parish magazines covered by the *Church Standard*, publishes a "Prayer in War." "Free our hearts from passion and from prejudice," is the supplication, *inter alia*. "Enable us to remember that our enemies are not Thine; and that they are Thy children, even as we are, beloved of Thee, and therefore to be beloved of us. Keep us both in Thy faith and fear; and lead us back in Thine own good time to the One Fold and the One Shepherd.—Amen." A "Corporal's Wife" wants to know what we think of it. Much that she thinks of it herself, probably.

The Fee and the Fact.

Here's a little matter for the Public Trustee to look into. In a case of which we have knowledge, someone in his office has sent a postal draft value 5s. 7d., "less cost of registered envelope, 4d." As a fact, the envelope is an ordinary O.H.M.S. envelope which has not been registered, nor has any fee been paid. The single instance is perhaps of slight general importance; but if someone in the office of the Public Trustee is making a rule of charging registration fees in this way, quite a considerable amount of money is likely to go in the wrong direction and do a good deal to mystify the accounts.

Want and Wishes.

Extract from the letter of an Abercanaid (Merthyr Tydfil) woman, whose husband is fighting in Palestine: "I am nearly starving; only dry bread or toast. We can't get no butter or jam. I got the money, but it is terrible down here. I will never get strong on dry bread. I only wish this war was over." If the British food problem had been handled vigorously and sanely from the first, there would have been no occasion for a moan such as that. Even as things are, largely because it has been handled weakly and insanely, there ought to be no occasion for it. The British Food Miscontrol is a national scandal.

A Sanctified Sinner.

By sending him to gaol for six weeks' hard labour for stealing food tickets, value sevenpence, from a Church Army canteen, it is obvious that the Magistrates took a serious view of the conduct of the Rev. John Godsall Prentice, Rector of Tollerton, Notts. If the rev. gentleman had taken the food tickets because he felt hungry that fact might have been considered as mitigating, and we might have described the sentence, in the circumstances, as severe; but this does not appear to have been the case, the living being worth £290 a year, with house. The punishment cannot, of course, end with the six weeks' hard labour, for it is quite out of the question for the Bishop to allow the rev. gentleman to continue spiritual ministrations at Tollerton.

A real War-time economy—The "John Bull" Pen. See page 13.

"COMRADES" COMMITTEE UNMASKED.

TWO REMARKABLE LETTERS—OUR INDICTMENT "MOST DIFFICULT TO ANSWER."

A FORTNIGHT ago we challenged the *bona-fides* of the Comrades of the Great War, alleging that its object is to nobble the soldiers' votes for the Political Parties—and, with that end in view, to smash up the Federation of Discharged and Disabled Soldiers and Sailors, founded by Mr. Hogge, M.P. Our article aroused wide interest. We have received from all parts of the country hundreds of letters of congratulation on the stand we have taken in the interests of the independence of the discharged soldier, and also resolutions of thanks from very many branches of the Federation. There are some persons, however, who have found it difficult to believe that any sinister scheme was afoot—that the "Comrades" had actually been promoted by six Members of Parliament who had voted against excluding from the operation of the Review of Exceptions Act wounded and invalided men—thus rendering them liable to further service. For instance, Sir Frederick Milner—who has done so much for the fighting men—wrote: "You say we are out to smash Hogge's Association. I have never heard of this, and I have frequently pointed out that to be a member of the 'Comrades' does not preclude people from belonging to Hogge's organisation. . . . What you say about efforts to break up the Association I believe to be absolutely untrue." Well, let us see. We have before us a copy of certain Minutes of the "Comrades'" Committee, passed on January 9th—Col. W. W. Ashley, M.P., in the chair, amongst those present being Lieut.-General Sir E. Bethune, K.C.B., C.V.O., Colonel Sir Hamar Greenwood, Bart., M.P., Major David Davies, M.P., Captain E. B. B. Towse, V.C., and Captain Donald Simson, N.Z.E. And this is what they say:—

> Colonel W. W. Ashley, M.P., the Chairman, pointed out that he had come to the conclusion that it was necessary to more clearly define the position and duties of the Hon. Inspector-General of Organisation; though Captain Simson was doing most valuable work in *counteracting the propaganda of Mr. Hogge's Federation*, he was not in sufficiently close communication with Headquarters. . . . Ultimately it was decided that Captain Simson *should limit his activities exclusively to those towns in which he had been the means of bringing over to the Comrades the members of the Federation of Discharged Soldiers and Sailors.*

What says Sir Frederick to *that*? It means that the Committee of the "Comrades" are party to the methods we have denounced, and are out to crush the big independent organisation of the discharged soldier. That we have fairly upset these plans is evident from correspondence which, by a strange chance, has come into our hands, one letter being from the "Legal Adviser" of the "Comrades," Mr. Herbert Metcalfe—a very much respected solicitor—and another sent by Major Parker to the General Secretary. This is what the solicitor says:—

> COLONEL W. W. ASHLEY, M.P., *January 21st, 1918.*
> 8, Grosvenor Crescent, W.
> *Re* Article in JOHN BULL, January 19th, 1918.
>
> DEAR COLONEL ASHLEY,
>
> You have probably seen the above article. I am afraid it is likely to do us real and serious harm in the country. It seems to me imperative that steps should be taken to put our side of the case before those thousands of men who have already read it. I do not think that the question of libel arises, although the references to Captain Simson are rather serious, but you know Bottomley's record, and his unvarying success in the Courts—to my mind he is far too dangerous a man to tackle. He is rather a sportsman, though, and it is possible that he might accept an article from us putting before his readers the Comrades' case.—Yours faithfully,
>
> HERBERT METCALFE, *Legal Adviser.*

And here is the despairing cry from Liverpool:—

> 28, Church Street, Liverpool.
> DEAR MAJOR PRICHARD, *January 18th, 1918.*
>
> Have you seen JOHN BULL this week? There is a slashing article about the Comrades *which is most difficult to answer* [our italics]. Many of the men in Lancashire read JOHN BULL, and I am perfectly certain to be heckled on this article.
>
> Would you please let me have some official notes as to the best way you think it can be dealt with? I am really very anxious about it, as it may do us a lot of harm.—Yours sincerely,
>
> HARRY PARKER, *Major.*

We are afraid we cannot promise to find room for "an article" putting forward the "Comrades'" case, but our columns are freely and unreservedly open to any specific reply they may care to make to our very specific allegations. Meanwhile, we shall continue to watch with suspicion any movement having for its object the political exploitation of either Tommy or Jack. And, in the pursuance of what we regard as a public duty, we shall continue to urge the discharged and disabled soldier to have nothing to do with the Comrades of the Great War. It has to be remembered that the Federation was in existence months before the officers who are now making such warm profession of friendship for Tommy ever thought of the "Comrades." What is more, over a long period the founders of the Federation fought the pensions battles of Jack and Tommy in the House of Commons, and fought them with courage and success. The founders of the "Comrades" showed *their* concern for the wounded men by voting for their return to the fighting line. In face of the mean and underhand methods adopted to "counteract" the admirable work of the Federation—methods backed by large financial resources which are being lavishly spent—we earnestly advise the discharged men to link up their interests in one strong organisation. By that means alone can they preserve their independence and their power.

DIED WITHOUT GIVING NOTICE.

SCURVY TREATMENT OF A GLAMORGANSHIRE TEACHER'S WIDOW.

One evening last July, Mr. Jenkins, an Assistant Master employed at the Gowerton Boys' School by the Glamorgan Education Committee, died suddenly. In due course, the widow—left with two children to support—received her husband's month's salary. Some time afterwards the Education Committee were made aware of the fact that Mr. Jenkins had been at school only for three weeks of the month. They immediately wrote to the Headmaster and asked him to require from the widow that she should refund a week's money. The letter was made known to the Local Managers and teachers of the district, who not only collected the amount demanded by the Committee and sent it to that scurvy body, but also raised sufficient funds to start the widow in a little business. This credible action, did not end the matter. If Mr. Jenkins had lived he would have been entitled to a month's summer holiday, for which he would have received his ordinary salary. In common justice, it is clear his widow should have received her husband's holiday salary for August, and the Local Managers supported this humane and common-sense view. The Education Committee thought otherwise. "The deceased," they said, with idiotic fatuity, "is not entitled to the salary because he did not give a month's notice that he was leaving"; in other words, if he had given them a month's notice that he was about to leave school on account of being dead, they would perhaps have paid his widow the money—perhaps not. The action of the Committee has aroused widespread adverse comment in the district. In the interests of teachers generally, it appears to deserve a wider publicity. If there is anything meaner in this or any other country in the shape of an Education Committee, we shall probably hear of it. Till we do, the Glamorgan crowd are hereby authorised to move to the top of the class and stay there.

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Humanities, and occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. D. Lloyd George, M.P.

Dear Prime Minister,—I venture to appeal directly to you in a matter which is really of considerable moment. I am constantly receiving complaints of the high-handed and unsympathetic demeanour of Civil Liabilities Commissioners, whose business it is to investigate the domestic circumstances of men summoned to the Colours. I am sure it is not your wish that applicants for these grants in aid should be treated otherwise than with consideration and courtesy. Do please take steps to impress upon the Commissioners that they are dealing, not with mastrels or criminals, but with the best of our citizens.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. William Brace, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Home Office.

Dear Mr. Brace,—I understand that the Princetown Conchies are having the time of their lives, having actually been permitted to rent a cottage in the neighbourhood as a club or "hostel" for their leisure hours. For this amazing concession to men who have shirked their patriotic duty, you may have some excuse; but if it is true that letters are delivered to this outlying centre, thus escaping the prison censorship, the thing is beyond a joke.

JOHN BULL.

To Major-General Sir A. Hunter-Weston, M.P.

Dear General,—That was a fine and stirring maiden speech of yours in the House! Coming as you did straight from the trenches, you were able to tell us that the boys are confident and determined, but that they do expect that we at home will support them to the uttermost of our power. You did well to speak of the strong feelings of resentment existing at the Front because of the number of young men at home in the funk-holes of well-paid positions. Go back with the message that we will stand by Tommy to the death.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. C. Compton Cogan, Vicar of All Saints', Twickenham.

Dear Padre,—I welcome your firm stand on the question of reprisals for German crimes. "I stand for reprisals," you say, "terrible as they may be to some minds, for the reason that our clear duty is to make ourselves so felt in the face of an unscrupulous enemy that he will think twice before repeating the atrocity of murdering our women and children." That, sir, is the line of common sense, and, as you and I believe, of sound ethics as well.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Ingham, Rural District Council, Scarborough.

Dear Grandfund,—I am glad to note your Council advanced the wages of its roadmen from 21s. to 23s. weekly—no thanks to you. A year ago the men were getting less than 21s., and you "could not remember anything in the past year that justified an increase." You stand in bad need of some memory pills. Roadmen, you insisted, "had a nice soft job of it." If that is your opinion, back it by joining them, work as they do, live as they have done on 21s. weekly, or less.

JOHN BULL.

To General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien.

Dear General,—What you said at Hackney about waste of food in the Army I have been saying for goodness knows how long. Some of the units are still getting more food than they need. Regimental and garrison canteens and institutes, leaving Army messing proper out of the question, undoubtedly pile up for unnecessary stuffing and shameful wastage. Many in the Army could do with less food, and many of the civil population with more. Even to the British fighting man, enough is as good as a feast.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Leo Chiozza Money, M.P., Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Shipping.

My Dear Chiozza (by the way, where did you get the Money from?)—You may not be aware of the fact, but there are certain courtesies still observed in the House of Commons—or were when I was last there. It is bad enough for a Minister to give a private Member the lie direct, as you did Mr. R. P. Houston when he declared that one of his ships when torpedoed was not under Admiralty escort. But when you discovered that the lie was on the other lip, you should have had the decency to apologise. Don't forget the term "honourable" is still applied to M.P.s.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Harry B. Daglish, Iron Founder, St. Helens.

Sir,—Explaining to the St. Helens police why you went to your business in a motor-car instead of travelling by the trams, you are said to have stated that the tram-cars were "dirty, draughty and inconvenient," and filled with "dirty, verminous people, some of whom sat on your knee." No doubt the war workers of St. Helens, some of them your own employees, will be glad to know what you think of them, but you may take it from me that if anyone sits on your knee it is a sheer accident! If I saw you mounting a tram-car, I should be inclined to wait for the next.

JOHN BULL.

To Lewis Woodward, Greengrocer, 3, Wellington Road, Rhyl.

Dear Pecksniff,—At the Rhyl Police Court you were recently fined £2 for shocking cruelty to an old pony. The R.S.P.C.A. Inspector saw you prodding the wretched animal with your whip, which had a steel centre. The pony was in cruel distress; under the tail and on the leg were three punctured bleeding wounds. Yet when you came to excuse your revolting conduct at the Police Court, you declined to take the oath, on the ground that "the Bible taught you not to swear." You slimy hypocrite!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord D'Abernon, Chairman, Liquor Control Board.

My Lord,—Is it true that you have forbidden the Gretna policemen to use any of the pubs in the neighbourhood, on the false and insulting plea that these pensioned constables, old soldiers and wounded men, would get drunk? Is what you have done legal? It is, anyhow, scandalously unfair for you to send a man on a 2s. 6d. journey to Carlisle if he wants a drink. You should inquire further into this—when I have no doubt you will see the stupidity and injustice of the Order.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Instead of fixing prices low,
At Rhondda's touch they upward go!

Democracy in Hindy's grasp
Appears to be at her last gasp.

Although assaulted by Mad Hatters,
Sir Douglas thinks it hardly matters.

COMPANY MEETING.

BRITISH AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY.

LARGELY INCREASED OUTPUT AND PROFIT.

The Fifteenth Annual General Meeting of British American Tobacco Company, Limited, was held on Thursday, the 24th January, at the Central Hall, Westminster, S.W.1, under the presidency of Mr. Joseph Hood (one of the Deputy Chairmen), who was voted to the chair, Mr. Duke (the Chairman) being absent.

The Chairman: You will notice from the Directors' Report that the output of the Company's goods has largely increased during the financial year. The English factories have been principally engaged in supplies to the troops abroad either through the War Office, the Navy and Army Canteen Board and other Organisations or our own Depôts, so much so that about 80 per cent. of our English manufactures reach the Army or the Navy. We have laid ourselves out to give as many supplies as possible to the troops, though we are unable to turn out anything like the quantity asked of us.

Reference is made in the Report to the large increase in output of the American factories during the financial year under review as compared with the pre-war year. We early came to the conclusion that the war might be prolonged and made additions to our American factories not only in buildings, but in plant and machinery whilst the opportunity presented itself, with the gratifying result that the output in America is over three times that of the pre-war year. In that way we have been enabled to continue supplies of our products throughout the world, and thus maintain the profits which we should not have been able to do had we depended upon our English factories. Our general trade from England has necessarily decreased to a material extent because of our supplies to the troops, but the decrease has been more than compensated for by the additional output from the American factories. Our total output is largely in excess of any previous year. We hope to be able to continue that output, but as against that there is the fact that unfortunately one of our American factories (though only a small one) was burnt down last month. We have, however, rented another building, and are endeavouring to equip it. Further, it is only right to point out, as is indicated in the Report, that supplies of many materials are difficult to obtain and transport facilities are much more limited, and they must necessarily affect our opportunities. At present we are unable to fill all our orders, and I have no reason to believe that that position will change during the present year.

After referring to the difficulty of obtaining supplies and going through some of the items in the accounts, the Chairman said: Special reserve, £286,334, is a new item, and is made up of £32,547 which has been transferred from the item of creditors and credit balances and £257,228 (less a sum of £3,441 loss on realisation of an investment), the greater part of which, I would like to explain, consists of the difference between the value standing in the books of 250,000 Ordinary shares of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited, which were sold about three years ago, and the price realised. It was not a trading profit, and should, we think, be carried to a special reserve. As bearing upon this item, you will remember that we recommended in the annual report last year the distribution of one Ordinary share of 5 dols. of the Canadian Company in respect of every four Ordinary shares of the company. In consequence of certain difficulties which then arose, the recommendation was withdrawn at the annual meeting with a view to making certain alterations in the articles of association to permit the distribution to be made in the form we were advised it should take. A few days after the annual meeting an Order in Council was issued which had the effect of preventing the distribution of any shares of a company incorporated abroad—as the Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Limited, is—to any shareholders outside the United Kingdom, or the sending of any certificates or transfers of any shares out of the country. The Treasury at the time did not see its way to grant permission for the distribution, and later on in the year, in October, we circularised the shareholders and informed them that we were satisfied that the consent of the Treasury would not be likely to be given during the war, and we had decided to abandon the idea of the distribution. We said that an important point which determined us in coming to this conclusion was the fact that in consequence of the enormous increase in the cost of leaf tobacco—in many cases at least double the price of a year before—it was absolutely necessary in order to purchase the necessary supplies to employ some millions of additional working capital, and we had, therefore agreed to sell out of the holding of the company 1,000,000 Ordinary shares of Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., and the Treasury had consented thereto. I may say that in asking for permit to sell the shares we explained that we wished to remit the proceeds to the United States in payment for leaf tobacco, and the Treasury consented to the sale if the shares were sold to persons ordinarily resident in the United Kingdom, also to our remitting the proceeds. That sale took place after September 30, 1917, the date to which the balance-sheet under review is prepared, and therefore the amount realised from the sale of the 1,000,000 shares does not come into these accounts. It is, however, proposed to carry the difference between the amount realised and the value at which those shares stood in the books to the credit of the item which I am now discussing, namely, the special reserve, when the accounts for the year ending September 30 next comes to be prepared, and this addition will bring up that account to nearly £1,000,000. You will no doubt appreciate that by the creation of a special reserve of that amount the financial position of the company will be materially strengthened, especially as it will be in addition to the item of £1,500,000 general reserve to provide against possible losses arising from the war, which still remains on the balance-sheet. I may mention that the question of claims against enemy countries has been, as you are probably aware, receiving the consideration of the Government for a long time past, and a special committee was appointed called the Enemy Debts Committee, to consider the process to be adopted after the war in settlement of claims of this nature, as well as ordinary debts owing from one belligerent to another. I had the opportunity of giving evidence before that Committee of the views we entertained as to what should be done.

That brings me to the last item of the balance-sheet, viz., the profit and loss account balance of £2,901,958. The profits for the year amount to £3,105,002, as compared with £2,733,361, an increase of £371,640, which, I feel sure, will be satisfactory to you. We have been working, so far as our English factories are concerned, at a reduced profit, but on the other hand, as I previously mentioned, our output in America has been very substantially increased, and it is principally due to that and other advantageous circumstances that we are enabled to show this increased profit. The available balance standing to the credit is now £2,901,958, subject to excess profits duty for the year. It is difficult to make any definite statement with regard to that duty, because of the possibility of a set-off of capital losses arising from the war against the duty, which is a matter which can only be determined after the war, when the losses are definitely ascertained, and, in addition, there is the necessity to make provision for excess profits duty in respect of those companies (even although operating entirely abroad, and making the whole of their profits there) in which we own the whole of the Ordinary share capital, which are treated for this purpose as branches of the Company. We are, therefore, not in any position to say what amount will have to be deducted from the £2,901,958 to provide for the excess profits duty.

You will observe that the directors recommend the distribution of a final dividend (free of British income tax) on the Ordinary shares of 6 per cent., amounting to £375,259, making 30 per cent. free of British income tax for the year, as compared with 30 per cent. last year, leaving £2,526,699 to be carried forward, subject to whatever amount is payable in respect of excess profits duty for the year. I need hardly say that the question of the final dividend has received our anxious consideration, and whilst I do not doubt that some of you may feel some disappointment that you did not get the bonus distribution which was recommended last year, and will not get any increased dividend this year, as compared with last, except so far as you are relieved from the additional income tax, which is equal to a dividend of 2½ per cent., yet we do not think that we would be justified in recommending a larger dividend. In particular we do not think it would be prudent on our part to recommend a larger dividend, owing, as we do, such a large additional amount as 2½ millions to our bankers for borrowed money. There is the further point which we had to consider that, in consequence of the large increase in the cost of leaf and materials necessary to carry on the business, something like three millions sterling additional money has been required for the working capital of the company, and apparently there is no finality to the increase of prices of materials. Practically that three millions has been provided by the additional loans from our bankers and undistributed profits. A company of this character with its large world-wide business cannot stand still, but must either advance or go back, and therefore it is absolutely essential that it should have the necessary working capital to enable it to continue, so far as it is possible, to advance rather than to go back. It may also not have appealed to you that after the war, when prices of materials have fallen, the company, in common with others, may be left with stocks bought at high prices, but it is a point we cannot leave out of consideration. I know that is a point which is causing a good deal of thought to many directors of public companies. However, if we can secure the necessary leaf and materials and the transport to enable us to continue our manufacturing operations to the full we may look forward when the horizon is a little clearer to the time when we shall be able to make our distributions more commensurate with the earnings of the company. I am glad to be able to say that the output of the company and its associated companies abroad shows an increase of 20 per cent. for the first three months (October to December) of our present financial year as compared with last. I now formally beg to move the adoption of the report and balance-sheet for the year ended 30th September, 1917, including the payment on the 31st inst. of a final dividend of 6 per cent. upon the issued Ordinary shares, free of British income tax. As you are aware the directors have declared for the year 1917-1918 an interim dividend of 6 per cent., free of British income tax, payable on the 31st inst., so that you will receive upon that date 12 per cent.

Mr. Hignett seconded the resolution, and it was carried unanimously.

THE PROFITEER'S WAR AIMS.

"The Country's War Aims, some maintain,
More definite should be;
But mine, I'm proud to say, are plain—
They're simply £ s. d."

AN ASTONISHING ALBUM.

LIST OF CHEQUES PROPOSED AS A WAR MEMORIAL.

Of all the miserable schemes for exploiting pride of purse in connection with the war, let us give pride of place to the idea of a War Memorial Album, as put forward by the Central Association of War Charities—Principal and Editor, Henry Allen Ashton, Offices 193-7, Regent Street, London. This precious "War Memorial Album" is to be a permanent record of the names of men and women who, by giving money and work, have helped to "an enormous and incalculable extent" the "glorious efforts and heroic achievements of the Soldiers." Ashton, "Principal and Editor," begs the persons he has circularised to "waive aside the natural reluctance" to set down their own benefactions, and to regard a list of their charity cheques as "a National duty." "False modesty" would spoil the record. Everybody who has given ten pounds or tenpence should send particulars to Ashton, so that future generations of children, when asked "What did your father, or mother, or your ancestors, do in the Great War?" may reply, "Oh, the War Memorial Album says Grandad gave five pounds." To bring this to pass Ashton provides a form to be filled up:—"State exactly how you would prefer your name to appear—title, honour, degrees, etc. Address, as you would like it to be published. *Approximate* amount you have given to War Charities, including everything. . . . Sum subscribed"—(to any individual charity)—"Give sum as nearly as you can." You see, you need not even be correct, so long as you are somewhere within shot of the truth. A little space "for the use of Editorial Staff" hints at photographs, illustrations, articles, and number of copies ordered. Ashton certainly asks for no money in this astonishing circular of his, but the commercial suggestion is clearly there. We should imagine the scheme doomed to the failure it deserved.

"GOVERNMENT STUFF."

A FURTHER CHAPTER OF FOOD FOOLERY.

Probably a good many of our readers will sympathise with an Essex householder who has been experimenting with a Government-controlled fish product, known as "Canadian hake," purchased locally at 1s. a lb. "It did not resemble any known species of fish," we are informed, "except in the smell—which was very fishy indeed; and having finally concluded that the Canadian hake must come from the lumber region and feed largely on sawdust, we presented the cat with the whole two pounds." As to the extraordinary character of the fish in question we are able to confirm our correspondent's statement. A sample of it, recently produced for our inspection, was of the consistency of india-rubber, and bounced when dropped on the floor. It was part of a consignment purchased by a Billingsgate dealer at £6 for a case of 200 lbs. Disgusted with his bargain, the purchaser sought an interview with Sir Arthur Yapp, who seems to have taken measures to stop the further sale of the fish—Lord Rhondda's representative having previously declined to interfere on the ground that it was "Government stuff." It would be interesting to know the extent of the Government purchases of Canadian hake and the amount of public money wasted upon a commodity which can be of no use to anyone except perhaps as manure. Also we should like to know how many fish salesmen have been involved in heavy loss through having the stuff left on their hands. At the same time, perhaps the Ministry of Food will give us the name of the "fish expert" who advised them to buy "Canadian hake"—which, to judge by its bouncing propensities, seems to be more closely related to the flying fish, or even the "spring" chicken, than to any other species of the scaled or feathered tribes. In view of the scarcity of rubber, there may be other uses for it than the culinary.

A GRAND TON

Haig to Answer Hertling—Tommy Wi Stick It—Do

By TH EDITOR.

WHAT a tonic; what a "corpse reviver"—to use an Americanism. Well-meaning, but ignorant, speakers and statesmen have tried to imagine that a new spirit was abroad in Germany—that the Military Party's old "blood and iron" and hate had given place to sweet reasonableness and brotherly love. Count von Hertling, the Imperial German Chancellor, has done splendid service for the Allies. That speech of his in the Reichstag the other day is, in my view, deserving of the adjective "magnificent." It was, indeed, a magnificent speech, if we take it at its face value. In its arrogance, its truculence, its damned impertinence, it is worth a thousand utterances from members of the British Cabinet; it puts the eloquence of Wilson in the shade. Hertling may be playing a game of bluff—whistling in the ears of a deluded and half-famished people, to keep up their courage as they tremble in the graveyard of their hopes. But there it is. Let us regard it in all its insolence. It is a diplomatic blow in the face. It is the answer of the Prussian boot to the kid glove of the Pacifist—it declares anew bloody war on the silly sentimentalists who have been making their wishes father to their thoughts. It is once more the eagle of War sent out to meet the dove of Peace, and if there be in this Britain of ours one man so blind to the obvious, so deaf to the sound of that Prussian voice, then put him at once in a lunatic asylum—for he is a danger to the future of civilisation, a menace to the strength and security of the British Empire.

Letting the Cat Out.

Just take that one point in von Hertling's demands—leave the others out of account for the moment—his claim for the "freedom of the seas." Even Sir Edward—now Lord—Grey, who dared to toy with this mighty weapon of our Empire's strength and security, and hinted before he left office that the question of our sea power might well be a subject for international consideration, must now see the folly of offering to open the gates of the oceans to our foul enemy. What must President Wilson be thinking when he finds his vague and cryptic offer to make the "freedom of the seas" a matter for Peace conference consideration stripped of all its uncertainty and presented naked to the world as a demand for the downfall, certain, sure and speedy, of the British Empire? Dotted over the seas stand the outposts of that Empire—ports and places of call for our Navy in its policing of the world's waters, outposts of our defence and our greatness. Without them this Empire on which the sun never sets would be at the mercy of the first hostile Power that sought conclusions with our Imperial strength—of the first nation that rose in its envy against our world-wide influence on the march of civilization. Germany built her navy out of the money provided by this country in buying Hunnish merchandise thrown in unfair competition upon our markets. Germany was building, building, building, so that when "The Day" arrived she might try conclusions with the might and majesty of the British Navy. "The Day" came, but we were ready. Our gallant warships, majestic in their towering strength, rode the seas; we drove that High Sea Fleet, on which wealth had been lavished in a never ending stream, into the craven harbourage of the Kiel Canal. German merchant shipping was never again seen on the waters of the world. Even if a shot had never been fired by us on the Western front and on the sandy plains of the Middle East, we had struck a swift and silent blow for Freedom. The Kaiser's dream was dissipated like mists before the morning sun, and we held the seas for liberty and for civilization. But presently there arose a new challenge. He dared not meet the British Navy in fair fight. His Dreadnoughts skulked behind water gates and mine fields. But his devilish desires, his insane ambitions, saw in the U-boat a new weapon of infamy. And the war from under the sea vied in its hideous inhumanity, its murderous callousness, with the horrors of the rape of Belgium. If not war on the British Navy, then war on the women and children, and the aged and the non-combatant; and the tale of the ocean infamy has grown and grown until to-day a huge catalogue of crimes—deliberate, brutal, blood-stained—has mounted up in all its accusing strength. Wherefore never forget, you who seem to have grown weary in the fight—you who fondly think and stupidly imagine that some new, humane, change is possible in the spirit of the Prussian race—that the only way to alter the mood of Germany is by the bludgeon blows of military victory. Britain, who has stood sentinel on the seas, is now told that she must give up those outposts of her Empire without which we should sink, and sink quickly, into the humiliating weakness of a second Holland. Hertling declares from the Reichstag that we must relinquish Gibraltar, the key to the Mediterranean; Aden, watch dog to our Eastern Empire; Hong Kong, which holds for us our naval and commercial interests in China; the Falkland Islands, that guard for us the tracks of our commerce in far distant parts. "Complete freedom of navigation in war, as well as in peace, is asked for by Germany as one of her main future demands." Let Hertling's speech be printed in letters of crimson and spread broadcast over the British Dominions. It is a speech so flagrant with insult, so red with ruthless impertinence, that I ask nothing better than that it should sink into the hearts and minds of all who, in these days of doubt and difficulty, imagine that somewhere or somehow we can reach a point of "accommodation" with the criminals of Europe. Yes, it is a tonic, indeed; and, if I know my countrymen, it will steel their will to continue the fight until Germany, crushed and broken, comes as a suppliant at the feet of the Allies.

Enemy's Fell Purpose.

You will understand why I have singled out this demand of the German Chancellor—because it reveals, as in the illumination of a lightning flash, the fell purpose of the enemy. Never forget that above and behind everything is the deliberate desire, the long-cherished dream, of crushing the British Empire and building

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Will Stick It—Don't Reply to Him, George!

WITH EDITOR.

upon its ruins a proud and overpowering Germany. Russia may play traitor and make peace with the foe; this Ally and that might falter by the way and drop out of the fight. But the Kaiser would not be satisfied. It was Britain that stood between Prussia and world conquest, and Britain is the objective of the war. Her navy was made for our undoing; our commercial markets were raided that Germany might grow strong as we grew weak. We are the People to whom the "Song of Hate" is sung with guttural fervour; we are the detested stumbling block to the world-sway of the Hun, the rival to her claim to sea supremacy. We have beaten her already in her fight for Naval Ascendency—even the murderous submarine is receiving day by day the staggering blow—and, failing to win in fair battle, Germany would now cripple us, if she could, by an act of robbery as insensate as it is impossible. But, thank God, whoever else might harken to the Hertling voice, there is not a patriotic man from one end to the other of our world-wide Empire who will listen for an instant to the preposterous claim dictated by the broken monarch of Potsdam. It is, indeed, a new reading of "no annexations, no indemnities" that we, an island Power, should renounce our sea strongholds and sprawl like a weak and puling child before a merciless and murderous Germany.

Tommy Will Stick It!

But there is, after all, another side to this speech of the German Chancellor. We have our troubles at home, it is true. The vexatious muddling of the food question, the traitorous disaffection of certain elements of Labour, the vulgar, ill-informed, and persistent attacks on our gallant fighting men just when the nation is asked to make a further effort to fill up the gaps in its wonderful citizen Army—all this is as disturbing as it is criminally wicked. But just as we know that, given common-sense management and freedom from red tape, there is a sufficiency of food for all, so we know that, in the countries of the Central Powers, starvation, naked and hideous, is stalking through the land; that in Austria the working men are downing tools in their hundreds of thousands because they are no longer content to be pawns in the game of the Potsdam gang, and that in Germany itself there is the anger and resentment of a hungry and disillusioned People. It may well be that von Hertling is putting up a stupendous bluff. I know the German—I know his bluster and his bounce. He will "bluff" to the very last moment—pretend that he will fight to the death for Alsace-Lorraine, that he will only at the sword's point give up his grip on Belgium. But the more he rattles the sabre—the more he clanks the spurs of Prussianism in the ears of the Allies, the more he bluffs and brags—the better. It is a sign, a hopeful portent. The only chance of maintaining the *moral* of the German people, and of stemming the rising tide of revolt in Austria-Hungary, is to pretend that Prussianism is winning, that the criminal of Potsdam is nearing the day of victory. We have a strenuous time before us—Russia's betrayal has delayed the hour of inevitable triumph. By threats or by cajolery, by new efforts in the West, and by subtle diplomatic devilry wherever the ground is favourable, the Kaiser and his murderous gang will seek to find a way out of the deadly mess in which they have involved their unhappy dupes. Our answer to the insolence of Hertling is to give Haig and Robertson all the men they want. We must re-establish the true policy of the "Knock-out Blow"; we must emblazon on the Allied banner once more "No peace with the Hohenzollern."

No More Overtures to the Hun.

There is only one sure way with the bully of Europe—we must give him the staggering blow on the jaw—send him over the ropes. We must hold the fort in the West until America, marching under the Stars and Stripes, stands shoulder to shoulder with the gallant forces which, since the summer of 1914, have withstood the assaults and broken down the strength of a nation born and bred for battle. In God's name, let there be no more "overtures" to the Hun—in the name of the men who have bled and died, let us realise the character and infamy of our foe. And this I would say to the working men of England—of Britain: Realise that the fight is, above all, *your* fight—that if the German won in this struggle it is *your* homes and *your* liberties which would go down in infamous degradation under the heel of the Hun. Just a little more grit, just a little more time, and the victory that was denied us in the closing days of 1917 will be ours to reap in a rich harvest of lasting peace. I know what Tommy thinks and feels. I have been with him in the middle of the night and in his shell-swept dug-outs by day. He will stick it, if you will. He will fight on to victory if we at home do our part without grousing and without faltering. Germany is boastful and blustering now. But soon she will sing a different song—and it will be her Swan Song. In the meantime, pray let there be no more talk. I am sick at heart at all this idiotic waste of breath. When Mr. Lloyd George made his speech, I at once declared that it had not brought us an hour nearer peace, and predicted that Germany would fling his Terms back into his face. This has now occurred, and the most dignified course for Britain to adopt is to treat the speech of Hertling with absolute and silent contempt. It can be answered in one way only, and that is by the mouths of the British guns in France and Flanders. I confess I am a little disappointed at the rate of America's man-power contributions, but if this speech does not put ginger into President Wilson, I shall be greatly surprised. Thank God, however, for one thing—the Chancellor's speech has definitely revived the policy of the Knock-out Blow. It is now war to the death! And I am relying on the President to back up that decision, and to throw in, with all possible speed, the mighty power of his great country. I wish *he* hadn't introduced that phrase about the "freedom of the seas"—but I'm sure he meant well; still, it *must* always be remembered that, without the sea, the days of Britain would be numbered. And America doesn't want *that*. So now let us get on!

CRUELTY ON THE CHEAP.

TALE OF TWO HORSES AND A £2 FINE.

We don't know anything about James Durham, of Harehill Road, Littleborough, except that he has been fiendishly cruel to two horses and has got off with a nominal fine. But we should rather like to meet him and see what he's like. We should also like to meet Mr. C. Heap, the presiding Magistrate, who treated him so lightly. Is cruelty to animals thought so little of down at Rochdale? On December 13th an Inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. found a bay mare and a bay gelding, belonging to Durham. The mare had fallen in the stall, and was apparently dying. Both poor creatures were almost skeletons. There was no food in the stalls; the stable was filthy. When food was offered to the animals the mare was too weak to eat; the other horse ate ravenously. The same day the mare died. What was the defence? Oh! Durham had been drinking for two or three days, and thought another man was looking after the horses. Anyhow, the mare was aged! But no matter. The Magistrates seemed to think that little harm had been done, and Durham got off with a fine of £2 and the payment of the Veterinary Surgeon's fee and other expenses. All we can say is that he's damned lucky; and we hope he feels very much ashamed.

THE VOICE OF THE HUN.

STRONG CASE FOR OFFICIAL INQUIRY.

We have shown that, in several directions, the authorities are far less careful than they should be to prevent the Germans from obtaining access to various War Departments, where they may easily pick up valuable information for transmission to the enemy. It is not only to munition works and other important centres that these considerations apply; the danger is equally apparent in the minor branches of war-activity—as, for instance, at the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, Wellington Street, Strand, W.C. We have reliable authority for stating that, within the past few months, a number of foreigners have found employment at the Bureau—some with accents unmistakably German—side by side with some British subjects of doubtful loyalty, mostly Irish people with Sinn Fein leanings. We understand that most of these appointments were made through the Labour Exchanges, where it might be assumed that the credentials of applicants would be carefully examined. But upon the information before us, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that there has been shocking laxity. It will take a good deal of plausibility to satisfy the public that individuals with German tricks of speech and other ominous traits are fit and proper persons to watch over the interests of British prisoners of war in the hands of a crafty and brutal foe.

A HAPPY ENDING.

WRONGFUL CONVICTION AND "FREE PARDON."

"We deplore the readiness of the South Shields Bench to convict a woman of good character upon such an odious charge." So we wrote a month or two ago in regard to the case in which Mrs. Emma Cockburn, the wife of a Shields miner, had been fined 40s. and costs for the alleged theft of a £1 note, which she had picked up from the floor at a branch of Lloyd's Bank, and subsequently parted with in good faith to a wrongful claimant. We proceeded to give our reasons for holding Mrs. Cockburn innocent of the offence charged, of which there was none but the flimsiest evidence, our aim being to induce the Home Secretary, upon a review of the facts, to annul the hasty decision of the Shields Magistrates. We are glad to be able to state that this scanty measure of justice has at length been attained. Mrs. Cockburn, according to the quaint procedure applicable to cases of wrongful conviction, having received a "Free Pardon" for an offence which she never committed. The meaning and effect of the Home Secretary's decision is that, on reconsideration, he has decided that there were no grounds for the conviction, and that the decision of the Shields Magistrates involved a miscarriage of justice. Perhaps for the future these gentlemen will try to be a little more careful in the discharge of their important duties.

DO-THE-GOATS HALL.

SHOCKING CHARGE AGAINST WALLINGTON SCHOOLMASTER.

At Croydon recently, Mr. A. E. Kenny Kirk, M.A., a Wallington private schoolmaster, was sentenced to one month's imprisonment and a fine of £25 for gross cruelty to a number of goats which had been kept upon the school premises. This was not Mr. Kirk's first appearance at the Police Court; on a previous charge of cruelty to these same goats, by neglecting to provide them with food and shelter, he had been fined £10 and costs. However, a month's gaol is a more serious matter, and the defendant, we observe, has given notice of appeal. In the meantime, we take leave to examine Mr. Kenny Kirk's credentials as a schoolmaster. It seems that he is the Proprietor and Principal of "Wallington College," an establishment for "the Sons of Gentlemen," whose advertised pretensions are in sharp contrast to the squalid disclosures at the Police Court. It appears that for some time past the schoolmaster has lived the life of a hermit, in the company of a half-witted and generally unpleasant factotum named Jones—to whom he paid the handsome salary of 2s. a week, and whom he now blames for the death of his goats—the whole manner of life of the strangely assorted pair being entirely out of keeping with the supposed status of the "College." It seems probable that the police-court disclosure—five dead goats having been found in one of the dormitories and another in the bath-room—may bring the career of "Wallington College" to a summary close. But apart from these revolting circumstances, we should have strongly advised gentlemen with sons to educate to give Mr. Kenny Kirk a wide berth.

A YOUNG MAN OF NORTH MOLTON.

WITH A SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON HIS GERMAN-BORN PARENTS.

South Molton Tribunal [illegible] to exempt a fellow named Sanerzapf, employed by [illegible], Baker and Butler, of North Molton. He is 18, single, Class A, and works as horseman on 40 acres of land. There were other features of interest. Sanerzapf's parents were born in Germany, and they were "at our place," said Chang. The father used to be a butler; he was naturalised about a year before war commenced, but his sympathies, declared the Agricultural Representative, are "as much with Germany as with England." Young Sanerzapf secured exemption till April 1st, the Military Representative announcing his intention to appeal, as he "did not want it to go out that the Tribunal was willing to exempt a German." In saying we hope the appeal will succeed, we do not refer only to the folly of retaining a lusty young man of German descent on a farm of merely forty acres. It is no place for him. In the Army work can doubtless be found for him among others of like origin.

TREASON ON TAP.

HOW THE TRAITORS WORK IN PERFECT FREEDOM.

In defiance of public opinion, the *New Crusader* is going about, and being distributed at the exits from chapels and other meeting places where soldiers and sailors as well as civilians forgather. It is frankly a dying Bardlet sheet. It calls this war for freedom, justice and the bare life of our English people, "a race feud." Naturally it lays most weight on *what the war is costing us in money*, so perhaps the people who financed the *New Crusader* are feeling the pinch. Then it goes on to say that we must love our enemies to-day and not to-morrow; that the Cross instead of the sword must be our weapon now; and that we must not wait until "defeat has sown the seeds of vengeance, or victory has reinforced this belief in violence." Well, are the authorities going to put a stop to this sort of thing? It's sheer treason; it's an open insult to our brave soldiers. And yet the police allow the sheet not only to be printed and published, but to be distributed in the street. We thought there was a little regulation of "Dora" which rather covered that sort of propaganda. But perhaps "Dora" is too busy seeing that we don't treat each other to a drink, to have much time for dealing with covert traitors.

Next week's "Bulletin" First Prize, £500. For one week only.

Prevalent Ailments Shadforth Remedies.

WHAT TO TAKE AND THE COST.

The ailments named below are readily recognised, and relief can generally be had from safe and simple domestic prescriptions. The following, selected from the well-known Shadforth Prescription Service, can be relied upon, and the quality of them is guaranteed by Mr. Shadforth's reputation as a Qualified Pharmaceutical Chemist Major Diploma of the Pharmaceutical Society of Great Britain.

HOARSENESS, LOOSE NOSE, THROAT AND CHEST, TIGHTNESS OF THE CHEST, COUGH. (Formula 331.)
(Nasal, Bronchial and Intestinal Catarrh.)
Camphor, Opium, Benzoic Acid, Liquorice Extract, Aniseed Oil, Pine Wood Tar, Cresote.
In pills. With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50) and 2s. (100). 3/9 (300)

CYSTITIS AND BLADDER IRRITATION. (Formula 332.)
Cubebs, Venice Turpentine, Copaiba Balsam, Calcium Extract, Ground Nut Root, Podophyllin Root, Formaldehyde.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills thrice daily. Liberates formalin, possesses germicidal and cooling properties. Used in Cystitis and Prostatitis.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100), 5s. 6d. (300.) Pamphlet No. 63 price 1d.

RASH, PUSTULAR ERUPTIONS, HARD OR SOFT CORNS, SWOLLEN GLANDS. (Formula 696.)
(Deeper Seated Blood Impurities.)
Potass, Soda, Iron, Quinine, Mercury, Iodide, Mercuric Chloride, Nux Vomica Stillingia, Jaborandi, Sarsaparilla.
In tablets 1s. 1½d. (36), 2s. 2d. (144.) 6s. (432), with directions.
See Pamphlet 62. Price 1d.

SHELL SHOCK, LASSITUDE, WEAKNESS, DEPRESSION. (Formula 470T.)
Phosphorus, Nux Vomica Extract, Damiana Extract, Pure Lecithin.
In tablets. Dose: 1 or 2 tablets after each meal. Price 1s. 7d. (25 tablets) and 5s. 6d. (100 tablets). Pamphlet 68. Price 1d
This formula acts like magic.

STUFFINESS IN THE NOSE, LOSS OF SMELL, DRY THROAT. (Formula 637.)
(Naso-pharyngeal Catarrh.)
Sodium Biborate, Sodium Bicarbonate, Phenol.
Useful in hay fever; removes that stuffy feeling. 1s. 1½d. (144 tablets).

HARD OR SOFT CORNS, PAINFUL CORNS. (Formula 633.)
Salicylic Acid, Extract Indian Hemp, Prepared Rubber Plaster.
Get rid of them with this.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d.

HEART, NERVE, AND STOMACH TONIC. (Formula 632.)
Nux Vomica Extract, Digitalis, Gentian Extract, Dandelion Extract.
Dose: 1 or 2 pills after meals.
Price 1s. 1½d. (36) and 2s. 6d. (144).

PAINS IN LIMBS AND JOINTS, STIFFNESS, SWOLLEN TOES AND FINGERS (Formula 74.)
(Rheumatic Gout and Arthritis.)
Colchicum Extract, Blue Pill, Comp. Rhubarb Pill, Extract Hyoscyamus, Methylene Blue.
Useful in Rheumatic Gout, Sciatica, and certain forms of Arthritis. With directions.
Price 1s. 1½d. (50), 2s. (100), 5s. 6d. (300.) Pamphlet 63. Price 1d.

PILES, HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, SLUGGISH LIVER, AND ATONIC DYSPEPSIA. (Formula 334.)
Cascara, Nux Vomica, Belladonna, and Gentian.
With directions. Price 1s. 1½d. (36 pills), 2s. 6d. (144 pills).

Supplied at the prices named, post free (abroad extra), by

Mr. Wm. SHADFORTH, PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,
(Shadforth Prescription Service, Ltd.)
65 (Dept. J.B.8), GROVE ROAD, BOW, LONDON, E.3.

Soothing as an Old time Melody

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

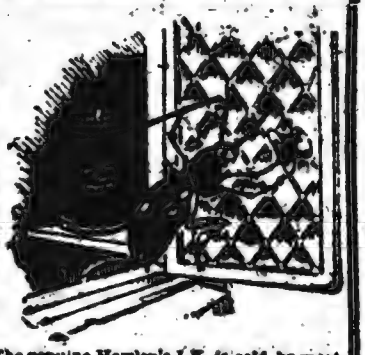
Fine Old Virginia Cork tipped Ovals

12 for 20 Also in Boxes of 50 & 100

R. & J. HILL LTD
LONDON

I'm off!

So soliloquizes Mr. Beetle; and do you wonder? Hawley's I.K. is on his track and to him that means certain death.
Hawley's I.K. is the sure insect Killer—No mess—no fuss!
Rid your home of Beetles, wood-vermin, etc.—dangerous agents of disease. Go to your chemist and get a tin of I.K.; sprinkle it in all their haunts, make it too hot for them!
Hawley's I.K. should be freely used by all workers in busy industrial centres, and by soldiers in training. It prevents the spread of disease where large numbers of persons are concentrated.



Hawley's

I.K.

Insect Killer.

The genuine Hawley's I.K. is sold by most chemists and stores in handy sprinkler-top tins. Get one to-day.
Send a tin to your Soldier Friend at the Front.
Manufactured by—
EVANS SONS LESCHER & WEBB LTD.,
LONDON AND LIVERPOOL.

A MILLION HAIR-GROWING OUFITS FREE

Great Popular Success of Wonderful Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying "Harlene Hair-Drill."

WRITE FOR YOUR FREE GIFT TO-DAY.

ALL sections of the community, our Fighting Men on both Land and Sea, Nurses, Munition Workers as well as practically all our famous actresses, Queens of Revue, and Cinema Artistes, are full of praise for what has now become the great national toilet practice — "Harlene Hair-Drill."

So necessary is it to-day that men should preserve a fresh and smart appearance, and that women should look to their appearance, in which the hair forms so conspicuous a part, that the Inventor-Discoverer of "Harlene Hair-Drill" wishes it to be publicly known that he is prepared to dispatch to any reader a complete 7 Days' "Harlene Hair-Drill" Outfit entirely free of charge.

All classes of Society are now regularly practising "Harlene Hair-Drill." Indeed, all are able to banish the "too-old at 30, 40 or 50" appearance. You are invited to accept the Free Gift Offer made in this announcement. Simply send your name and address with the Coupon Form below.

COMPLETE 7-DAY "HAIR-DRILL OUTFIT."

This Free Offer is one that no one can afford to miss. If you are a man who suffers from ageing baldness, or if your hair is getting thin, weak or impoverished, this offer is open to YOU. If you are a woman, whose youthful locks are gradually disappearing as a consequence of the hair looking dank, dull, lifeless, and thin, or coming out daily when you use the comb, this Free Offer is open to YOU to accept.

There is therefore now no necessity for any man or woman to suffer from:—**Scalp Irritation, Complete or Partial Baldness, Straggling or Weak Hair, Over-greasiness of the Scalp, Scurf or Dandruff.**

All readers of this announcement are invited to avail themselves of the generous offer of the Proprietors of "Harlene" to learn of the most successful method of regaining, restoring, and preserving hair health and hair beauty, free of charge.

CONTENTS OF FREE PARCELS.

Test "Harlene Hair-Drill" free, without any obligation on your part—merely send 4d. in stamps to defray cost of postage and packing, and you will receive the following gift:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and tonic for the hair.

2. A Packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A copy of the "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction.

You can always obtain further supplies of any of the preparations from your local chemist; "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 9d. per bottle; Solidified "Harlene" in tins at 1s. 9d.; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders at 1s. 11d. per box of 7 shampoos (single packets 2d. each). "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle. If you have any difficulty in obtaining supplies, any or all of these preparations will be sent to you post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

JOHN BULL, 2/2/18.

FREE HARLENE GIFT COUPON

Detach and post to **EDWARDS' HARLENE LIMITED, 20, 22, 24, and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.**

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 4d. in stamps, to cover cost of postage and packing.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

A MOTHER'S DILEMMA.

AND HOW SHE OVERCAME IT.

Some few days ago, a Baby was born into comfortable surroundings, in a household where every member, family and servants alike, were in a position to enjoy all they wanted. The master and mistress were not only generous to their friends, but were also kind to their staff; the tradesmen served them readily and well, and the nurse, in taking charge of the case, looked forward to a month or so in the house under very congenial conditions.

Imagine her surprise, therefore, when, a morning or so after her arrival, the cook told her she could only get ½ pint of milk as the whole day's supply. "Impossible!" said the Nurse. "Did you tell the milkman we have an invalid and a new baby in the house?" "Yes," replied the cook. "He merely said he was sorry but that was all he can let me have!"

During the morning, a lady-friend of the patient called and the Nurse—answering her enquiries—incidentally mentioned her difficulty about milk. The friend was naturally concerned, and offered to go along to the dairy itself to see what she could do. She argued well and long with the Manager, but she could get no satisfaction; he was aware that Babies and invalids come first, and he would do what he *could*, but, after all, he had *all* his customers to please, and could not allow extra milk to any one house without being unfair to some one else!

What was to be done? The news could not be kept long from the patient, who worried over the shortage of milk until she was in danger of a relapse. She could not think how they were going to "carry on"; it either meant the household or the baby going without.

The lady-caller worried, too, on her friend's account, and cycling home, the whole position kept running through and through her mind. Her thoughts went back to the time when her own child was born. It was before the war, certainly, but she could just imagine how she would have felt with insufficient milk in the house—a dreadful experience.

Her thoughts ran on: how disappointed she had been, for instance, when the doctor told her she could not nurse her own baby, and how she had fought him when he said the baby must be put upon the bottle. "I will *not* have him put upon a patent food," she had said. And what was his reply . . . (she began to see daylight in the present difficulty) . . . . Yes . . . he had said, "GLAXO, *MADAM, IS NOT A PATENT FOOD*. It is milk, cows' milk at its very *best*; all the hard curd broken away, the impurities driven out, the life-giving elements desiccated by the Glaxo process into the tiniest, flakiest particles, which need only the addition of boiling water to yield a delicious starch-free germ-free milk capable of being digested by the youngest child, and the nearest possible approach to mother's milk itself."

What a welcome remembrance, and what good news for the household she had just left! She turned her wheel, peddling with all haste back to the house, stopping only at a chemist's on the way to buy a tin of Glaxo *Full Cream Dried Milk*. They were then at the end of their troubles, for Glaxo made them independent of the milkman.

NOTE.—Glaxo full cream dried milk is sold in tins 1s. 3d., 2s. 6d., and 6s. 3d. each, and a little book about it (full of hints for Baby) is sent free for a postcard to Glaxo, Department 36, 155, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

The Ministry of Food has bought as much as 2,000 tons of Glaxo Full Cream Dried Milk. This is all sufficient proof that Glaxo is the right and proper food for your child your Baby.

Proprietors: Joseph Nathan and Co., Ltd., London and New Zealand.

T.19.

IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

LITVINOFF AND PURDY.

Shave? Yessir. . . . Big great 'orse? Can't 'elp that, sir. I 've my rutine. I never found anythink was gained by runnin' parst yerself. . . . Oh, I may seem slow—that's the dignity of me movements, I dessay—but I'll guarantee I shell polish you orf as quick as them barbers wot are all on the flick 'ere an' there, darsin' round yer like cats on 'ot bricks. Undignified 'arry an' being too previous causes as much trouble as anythink in this world. Look at Russia. Pitiful, ain't it? I don't suppose a country was ever in sich a 'orrible mess before. 'Arry—that's the trouble there. Unseemly 'aste. Wantin' to do everythink at once, if not sooner. And the on'y result is a *hexhibition* of indeptitude. But wot makes me laf is w'en I reads about a Russian revolutionary gittin' up on 'is 'ind legs at the Nottin'am Labour Conference an' tryin' to teach us Britishers 'ow to conduct our bizness. Litvinoff, I mean—the Bolshevik Ambassador at St. James's, ha, ha! Got up on 'is carsters at Nottin'am an' as good as tried to dictate to the British workin' man—practically invitin' steady an' sensible 'ushands an' fawthers earnin' good money to try their 'and at bloody revolution! 'E's come to the wrong depawtment if 'e expects to see wide-awake British workin' men dip their 'orny 'ands in each others' blood at the biddin' of a foreign revolutionary. As a matter o' fact, this 'ere semi-demi, 'arf-credited an' pritty near discredited ambassador, Litvinoff, oughter know better then to use 'is official position in this country to try to foment revolution in our midst. . . . Eh? Wot've Bolshevik, sir, now? Listen to me humble? Steady—steady! You ain't speakin' to no ignerant, 'ot-headed young red-flag revolutionary socialist now, sir. You're addressin' a responsible British citizen, sir! I tell yer to your face you've abused British 'ospitality by goin' down to Nottin'am an' tookin' a lot of 'ot air an' nothout doubt to a lot of brother-leads wot occupied the gallery and would 'ave cheered old Nick 'imself if they thort 'e could 'elp 'em to evade military service. . . . Come in, sir. Sharn't be 'arf a jiff. I'm jest finishin' orf this gent. . . . Ain't it Mr. Purdy? . . . Oh, I thort so. Glad you've dropped in, sir. 'Ere's yore friend, Marshure Litvinoff, wot made sich a 'ell of a speech at Nottin'am the other day. I've jest bin givin' 'im a word in season, well seasoned, too, I 'ope. I've bin remindin' 'im 'e ain't in Russia but in England, w'ere we repair our 'uses without pullin' the roof down on to our 'eads. I was glad to read yore reasoned speech, sir—yore presidential address. It came like a nice, pleasant coolin' breeze arfter the sulphur fumes breathed out by this fiery gentleman 'ere. . . . There you are, Mr. Litvinoffski. I've give you a clean face. I 'ope you'll keep yore 'ands clean w'ile you're in this country. We English don't ask to be cracked up, but at the same time we don't take kindly to gratuitous advice to set about murderin' one another arfter the approved Russian style. . . . Now, Mr. Purdy, wot kin I do fur you? . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WOOLWICH PIONEER":—
"The case of the Women Crane Drivers employed in the Royal FUN FACTORIES was heard . . . on Friday last."

"LLANELLY STAR" (programme of concert):—
"Mr. Ivor Davies: 'The BEDROOM Love Song.'"

"GLASGOW EVENING TIMES":—
"The water supplies have been largely shut off, and MILK was distributed by the farmers with difficulty."

"AIRDRIE AND COATBRIDGE ADVERTISER":—
"Provost Lavelle, Coatbridge, remarked . . . that the LITTLE MUSTARD SEED which was planted in Airdrie away back in 1835 . . . had slowly but surely DEVELOPED INTO THE GIANT OAK."

"LINCOLNSHIRE CHRONICLE":—
"The man said he had been late in the morning because he was a great sufferer from NATIONAL IMPORTANCE."

"LIVERPOOL ECHO" (advertisement):—
"Combined Front Rm., Young Married Couple; FRIENDS preferred."

"SUFFOLK CHRONICLE AND MERCURY":—
"MEATLESS-DAY Dishes. . . For a Canadian Pie, use three-quarters of a pound of MEAT."

"EAST HAM RECORDER":—
"East Ham War Pensions Committee. The above Committee desire to draw the attention of DECEASED Soldiers and Sailors to the fact that," etc., etc.

"BRIXTON FREE PRESS."
"Musician Lewis was complimented for his cornet solo . . . his encore being 'Land of Hope and Glory.'"

"CAMBRIA DAILY LEADER" (advertisement):—
"Lost, Stolen or Strayed, Black Pomeranian Dog. Anyone RETURNING same after this notice WILL BE PROSECUTED."

"ESTATES GAZETTE":—
"The day suggested . . . is the THIRD THURSDAY OF EACH WEEK."

"ROTHBURY HALL MAGAZINE" (Greenwich):—
"They sent to the Star and Garter 18 HELPLESS SHIRTS for the permanently wounded."

"SHEFFIELD DAILY INDEPENDENT":—
"A supply of 25 tons WAS ANTICIPATED from an UNEXPECTED SOURCE."

"YES OR NO":—
"Once, when I was looking the other way, I SAW him kiss it."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

Running Some Risk.

From Fareham we have received a complaint concerning an Officer who thinks that, in order to polish up his men, it is necessary to tell the N.C.O.s that they must act as Prussians. This is not the only complaint of the sort which has reached us, and we put it to Lord Derby—who has a keen regard for the welfare of the soldier—and the Army Council, that our men should be treated as Britons.

A Case for Attention.

We are told by men at Battersea that a certain Regimental Orderly Sergeant a few days ago barked out the following notice:—"The Medical Officer complains that too many men are going sick, so it has to stop at once; if not, any man going sick will have to parade with full kit in the morning." And this in face of the numerous cases in which men have been refused treatment by the doctor, and have fallen dead on the square, or been carried to their huts in time to die!

Birmingham's Shame.

A brave young fellow, on leave from the Front, travelled from London to Birmingham to place an artificial wreath on the grave of his mother, who had died since he went out. He had to leave the graveyard, with the wreath. While returning to London he wondered whether the Birmingham Corporation appreciated that he was fighting for them.

Rank Rotten Ripon.

It is well enough to try to harden our men, but when a blizzard is blowing it is cruel to keep the hut windows open. At the R.A.C. Depot at Ripon a man found the snow piling up on his bed, and wisely closed the window—the result being that he was given seven days' C.B., and the window is now nailed so that it cannot be shut.

The Ministerial Cook's Tourist.

Mr. Hodge, our Pensions Minister—having promenaded the country at the expense of the State—is now, we notice, going to France to lecture the soldiers concerning the pensions they will receive when they are sent out of the Army. We wonder if Mr. Hodge would like us to accompany him, and tell the soldiers what is actually being done by the Pensions Department. We want things done now, not a year or so hence; and we say, without hesitation, that Mr. Hodge and his Department fall extremely short of requirements. If he tells Tommy the truth concerning affairs as they stand, he will have a very short hearing.

"Scots Wha Hae"!

A Field Officer informs us that it frequently happens that when Leave men arrive by rail at Lairg, Sutherland, the mail-car which should connect for various distant places has departed, and the soldiers are held up for a couple of days, hotel bills being added to their other troubles. The mail-car contractors should give this matter their attention.

Unspeakable Catterick.

Our attention is recalled to Hipswell Camp, Catterick, by a batch of complaints we have received by the past few mails. To put it bluntly, Catterick is a kind of small Hell, and whoever is responsible for the running of it should be soaked in tar and hanged in chains.

More About Cambrai.

Some gunners at Cambrai were compelled to bunk away from their battery when little things were being done that the War Office and Parliament will not let us know of. They had to abandon everything—and yet when they were re-formed behind, the poor beggars were salted to the extent of the price of a new kit. It reads funny, doesn't it?

Paid for His Pudding.

A M.G.C. gunner, in the Command Depot at Alnwick, was compelled to turn his nose up at some nauseous pudding with which he was served. The Orderly Officer, who is supposed to look for complaints, told him that he might eat it or leave it, and he wisely did the latter. The result, however, was that he was formed up for making a complaint and wasting food, his punishment being three days' pay forfeited and ten days' C.B.

The Saucy *Idaho*.

We find that the little yacht *Idaho*, at Milford Haven, is now doing excellent work. In the early days she went to sea—armed with an elephant rifle—looking for submarines, some of which had reason to know her whereabouts. It is to be hoped that she will long survive the submarine shell and the terrible torpedo.

White Men from the White Sea.

H.M.T. *Simerson*, 1447, recently returned from the White Sea after a ten months' patrol. We fear that, after this trying experience, her men were not given a square deal. What says the Commanding Officer?

Jack and His Pay.

The crews of the minesweepers of Fleetwood and Liverpool ask us to give the Paymaster a hint that he might let them have, without further delay, a little of the back money due to them.

Concerning Many Ships.

We know that there is rather a shortage of cloth at the moment, but even so there is reason in the grumble of hundreds of Government sailors who complain of the scantiness in the clothing issue. Sir Eric Geddes is, we believe, keen to have the proper thing done by the men, and we put it to him that he might look into the matter—that is, if the Permanent Officials do not choke him off.

A Star for Jack.

The soldiers have been granted their Mons star. What about a decoration for our splendid bluejackets who did the early work?

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Absolute Starvation.

Destitution confronted a widow who sent us the sad particulars of her case. Her husband, who died in the Service, left her with six children to support on her pension of fifteen shillings a week!

A Friend in Need.

A soldier's wife was in arrears with rent. Being under the doctor for heart trouble, she is unable to work to mend matters. Her husband is in Italy, and—like so many other poor people nowadays—she had no friend to turn to.

Critical Illness.

A distressed mother wrote us that one of her children was lying ill, and she found it difficult to continue paying the doctor. Her appeal to the War Pensions Committee had been ignored, although prompt attention to claims is of vital necessity in its work.

A Very Sad Case.

A soldier, granted special leave, found his wife in an advanced stage of consumption. She had entered a sanatorium, leaving five children to be cared for—she knew not by whom. The father is anxious to find a home for them. We could not fix him up in this respect, but immediately gave financial help.

Instalments of Our "Eternal Debt."

Discharged soldier, unable to work at present; six children to support.

Soldier's wife in hospital; insufficient money to pay for her lodgings during her detention.

Son killed in France; husband totally blind; 8s. 6d. a week pension to live upon.

Discharged unfit; no income whatever; dependent upon charity.

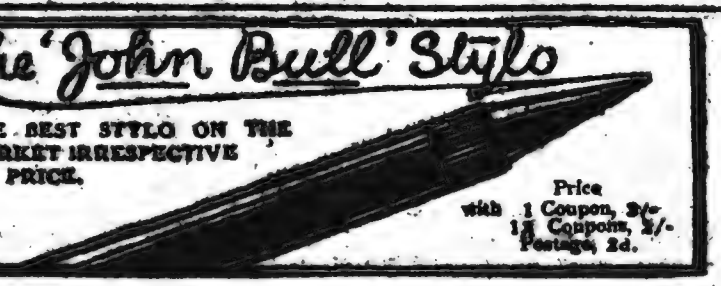
One of the many victims of Pensions Office ineptitude who was starving.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

A. E. B. (Ealing), 1s.; Miss A. F., 1s.; G. B. F., 1s.; "A Canadian Reader," 1s.; A. J., 1s.; R. D., 1s.; J. P., 1s.; R. E. T. (Penzance), 1s.; E. I., 1s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; "More Admirals," 2s. 6d.; "Grandfer's Titums," 2s. 6d.; "Uncle Blunderboy," 2s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "A Durham Englishman," 10s.; "Alpha," 1s.; G. T., 1s.; E. H. S., 10s.; Per S. H. Greenwood Vault (Horwich), 3s.; "Three Sappers," 10 francs; E. H. F. M., 5s.; R. A. B., 5s.; H. C. E. (Harrow), £1 1s.; Anon., 4s.; E. R., 5s.; W. McL., 2s. 6d.; N. A., 2s. 6d.; C. S., 1s.; "Ganuki," 10s.; Mrs. M. E. W., 2s. 6d.; "8/1473's Wife," 5s.; "162879 Liverpool," 2s.; Mrs. H. W. (Gosport), 1s.; "Constant Reader and Bullet Competitor," 1s.; "A Working Mother," 5s.; Mrs. C. S. (Banchory), £10; Game Dept., V.E.C., Croydon (per F. B. T.), 14s.; D. G., 2s.; E. F., 1s.; P. H. S., 1s.; A. M., 3s. 6d.; Mrs. J. W. W., 1s. 8d.; R. C. (Liverpool), 6d.; E. T. (Norfolk), 2s. 6d.; M. H. (Ripon), £1; Nine "Gamma" Coys. (per E. G. L.), 10 francs; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby) 1s.; R. S. B. (Weymouth), 5s.; P. C., 2s. 6d.; W. B., 2s. 6d.; T. S. C., 2s.; B. S. (Warwick) 2s. 6d.; "A Soldier's Wife," 3s.; "Glen," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. B. F., 5s.; "Ozonian" (parcel); Members of Crew of H.M.D. *Ex Avant* (per R. W.), 8s.; Men's Club, Monk Hopton (per H. O.), £1 3s.; G. W. L., 1s.; Miss C. R., 1s.; "Canuckian," 1s.; S. E. R., 1s.; "N.I.H. Man's Wife," 5s.; "Musselburgh," 10s.; E. R. H. (Arbroath), 10s.; "Bessie," 2s.; L. B. (Herne Bay), £1 1s.; Anon., 6s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 1s.; "Cobden Stn.," 6d.

The 'John Bull' Stylo

THE BEST STYLO ON THE MARKET IRRESPECTIVE OF PRICE.



Price with 1 Coupon, 3/-
12 Coupons, 2/-
Postage, 2d.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 12 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
DE LUXE MODEL 1s. EXTRA.

Address, Pen Dept., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.
(*January 26th, 1918*)
P.O.'s should be made payable to John Bull, Ltd., and crossed & Co.
N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

WHEN FOOD UPSETS YOU.

Food is as important to the sick person as medicine, more so in most cases. A badly chosen diet may retard recovery.

In health the natural appetite is the best guide to follow; in sickness the appetite is often fickle and depraved.

Proper food and a good tonic will keep most people in good health. Dr. Williams' pink pills for pale people are the most popular tonic medicine in the world, harmless, non-alcoholic, and certain in their action, which is to build up the blood and to restore vitality to the run-down system. For growing girls who become thin and pale, for pale, tired women, for old people who fail in strength, Dr. Williams' pink pills are an ideal tonic.

To enable those who give these pills a trial to observe intelligent care in the diet, the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will send free on request a diet book, "What to Eat and How to Eat." It is full of useful information, and whether you are well or ill, it is a good book to have. Send for a copy, addressing a post card to Offer Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

You will do well to begin Dr. Williams' pink pills to-day; any dealer can supply you, but see that you obtain Dr. Williams'.—[Advt.]

SEED POTATOES.

ENGLISH Grown: Yorks. Express, Eclipse, Llewellyn, 112 lb. 20/9, 56 lb. 10/6, 28 lb. 5/6, 14 lb. 2/10, 7 lb. 1/6; Epicures, 112 lb. 16/9, 56 lb. 8/6, 28 lb 4/6, 14 lb. 2/4, 7 lb 1/3; British Queen, Queen Mary, Up-to-Date, King Edward VII., Dalhousie, Factor, 112 lb. 11/-.

All Bags Free. Free on Rail Wisbech. All Vegetable Seeds supplied. Send for illustrated list.

W. AMOS, SEEDSMAN,
CHAPEL STREET, WISBECH, CAMBS.

"TIZ"—a Joy to Sore, Tired Feet

TIZ is just wonderful for sore, aching, swollen, perspiring feet and corns.

"How TIZ does help sore feet."

Good-bye sore feet, burning feet, swollen feet, perspiring feet, tired feet.

Good-bye corns, hard skin, bunions, and chilblains. No more shoe-tightness, no more limping with pain or drawing up your face in agony. TIZ is magical, acts right off. TIZ draws out all the poisonous exudations which puff up the feet. Use TIZ and wear smaller shoes. Use TIZ and forget your foot misery. Ah! how comfortable your feet feel.

Don't forget to include TIZ in your parcel to the boys at the Front.

Get a 1/1½ box of TIZ now at any chemist's or stores. Don't suffer. Have good feet, glad feet, feet that never swell, never hurt, never get tired. A year's foot comfort guaranteed or money refunded.

BEDSTEADS! BEDDING!

WHY PAY SHOP PRICES?

Newest patterns in Metal and Wood, Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc. All goods sent direct from Factory to Home IN PERFECTLY NEW CONDITION. Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Price List (post free). I allow DISCOUNT FOR CASH or supply goods payable in Monthly Instalments. Established 18 years.

CHARLES RILEY, Dept. 12, Moor Street, BIRMINGHAM.

Please mention "John Bull" when writing for Lists.

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as they are liable to be mislaid. *Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

"IRELAND."—"'The man worth while Is the one who can smile When everything goes dead wrong!' Dear JOHN, those words were written to express you." Yes, we smile, even when it hurts.

J. W. (Fernie, B.C.).—America's in this war with both feet, sure, old scout. But we've been in it up to the neck for three years and some months.

"COUNTRY WOMAN" (Norwich).—As you suggest, grocers and the farmers have had their turn. It's now about time the poor housekeeper had a chance.

T. W. H. (Smethwick) prays us not to have a peerage, but to remain plain John Bull. The appeal goes to our heart.

"CONSTANT READER" (Paignton).—Tradesmen charging a halfpenny instead of an odd farthing are robbers. There is no shortage of farthings at their banks.

"A WEARY CAPITALIST" (St. James' Street, S.W.).—We certainly were not brought up in "a school of concealment," although we remember an occasional hiding.

F. R. (Middlesex).—We note your discovery that the longer the war lasts, the more it will cost. You've evidently been swotting up the subject.

F. C. S. (Grantham).—Fancy objecting to your letters being stamped "Buy National War Bonds Now"! We have never received a more trivial complaint.

W. H. S. (Jamaica)—Your prescription for the post-war hanging of German officers and men guilty of the murder of civilians reminds us of the ancient cookery recipe which began "First catch your hare."

MR. P. (Everton).—"Please tell me . . . what we are fighting for." Macdonald-bacher, Schnowdonstein, and some others.

C. R. (Peckham) complains of having to pay 4s. 9d. for a rabbit. Rabbits are officially cheaper now, but the profiteer says if he can't have his price Rhondda shan't have the rabbits.

"JIP" (Hatfield).—He doesn't think the Hun is out for fun, does he? There must be a crack in his dome of thought.

G. W. M. (Hull).—"May he break his damned neck on the Hindenburg line, And go to Hell croaking 'The Watch on the Rhine.'" A very rude toast, but since it's to the Kaiser, you are freely pardoned.

E. M. (Parkstone).—We have already handed to the Food Ministry our views in regard to the curtailment of charitable "treats" to infants and the aged. Glad you agree with us.

E. J. C. (Deptford).—If your information is correct, the British blockade must be as leaky as an old iron sieve.

W. J. (Grimsby).—To do our bit for "Tommy" and "Jack" is not merely a duty, but a pleasure and a privilege. Congratulations on your recovery.

"ANTI-HUN."—Glad you "admire and applaud" us. Not a bad pennyworth, are we?

"THREE SOLDIERS" (Newark).—Afraid cannot address a "Candid Communication" to the firm you mention. Send them a rude letter.

"SAILOR'S WIFE."—With reference to your argument respecting "childless wives," we can only say that "it all depends."

"CAPT. J. K. B. LANGLEY, 20th Division W.R.D., R.E. (T.) C.E."—An identity disc bearing this lettering, together with a religious medal and mascot on a silver chain, has been sent us by the mother of a soldier who picked them up on the battlefield of Arras. We shall be pleased to hand them over to the rightful claimant.

A. P. C. (Woolwich).—You are like a personified flea. You jump to conclusions.

T. W. (Mil. Hosp., Manchester) says that anything Tommy receives from the Y.M.C.A. by way of benefit he pays for at current market rates.

"NEM. CON." (Plaistow).—Who taught you handwriting? Bet it's either a snail out of a soot heap or a spider out of an inkpot.

"WORKS POLICE" (N. Filling Factory, Foleshill) want to be "placed on the same footing" as other munitions police. The Superintendent should inquire into the grievance.

"PAPA" (Taunton).—If you knock your funny-bone so hard, one of these days you'll laugh on the other side of your face.

"ACTIVE SERVICE" (Bagdad).—"Your journal is welcomed here. Why not print it for the Arabs? They like good English, 'tank you, now.'" Reciprocations.

"TIZ" (London).—"I am a woman over 40, and I do like to look smart about my feet. A fairly high heel does give smartness." Get thee behind us, dear lady.

R. B. (Cameronians, B.E.F.).—"A year has passed since last I wrote, To help a vow I ne'er forget, And still with all the lack of time, I wish you well, but what combine——" The whole platoon have our permission to throw their boots at you.

MRS. S. P. (Reading).—The widow of a man who fought in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny should not be in need. Write to Officer Commanding your late husband's regiment.

"GIDDY GIRL," (Hampstead).—Meekly we accept your good-natured rebuke. It shall be our aim to win your chaste affection.

"WORKER" (W.A.A.C.).—You needn't have worried. As long as we can read a letter without a microscope, and digest it without a bilious attack, we are satisfied.

MISS L. R. (South Hackney).—You do not state your age, but in these days, an able-bodied woman should have no difficulty in finding employment. Some of the Exchanges want combing out with a shovel.

PTE. W. (Lee).—"Can you give enclosed paragraph your earnest attention?" 900 words are not a paragraph, but a column and more. "Our Empire is now in the throes of a death struggle." That has been said before.

"DISGUSTED INMATE" (Portsmouth).—Even old people without teeth should not throw away crusts of bread. Soak them, or make bread pudding.

"HEMSWORTH" (near Wakefield).—There are some grounds for your grumble about the ale shortage, but be a sport and grin, even if you can't beer it.

T. G. (Acton).—So E. Dean, Ltd., of 12, All Saints Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, are still pestering you with their quack "cure" for blushing, despite our showing them up. Pity they don't cure their own ruddy cheek.

"THE CURSE."—Trust a Scot to find a grammatical error where it does not exist.

"A KHAKI GIRL."—Your kindly gift of 4s. has been gratefully acknowledged by the poor Shirt-maker of Thanet, who, by working five hours a day can make one large shirt—and earn sevenpence."

H. B. (South Lambeth).—Some time ago the Socialist party in Russia divided into two, the most extreme section calling themselves Bolshevik or Maximalists—both words meaning "the utmost"—and the others, the Menshevik or Minimalists. The "Cadets" are Constitutional Democrats, the name coming from the initials, K.D., of the Russian term.

"GENTLEWOMAN" (Houndsditch).—You may be a woman, but you are not gentle.

"CONSTANT" (Forest Gate).—Of course, enemy aliens are not the only spies.

"BRUMMY" (Coventry).—Stalinge is Hunnish for serpent, and the Hun is it.

"REALITY" (Leeds).—Sir, "Everyone that taketh milk is unskilful in the word of righteousness, for he is a babe." Thus saith Paul.

"VICTORIA" (London).—There's no fool like an old fool; especially when he is trying to behave like a young one.

"QUEIN" (Brixton).—The fat is in the fire; at least, it would be if there were any fat.

A. E. P. (Walworth).—French is a very useful study; but hadn't you better first learn to write English?

"NEAVIN" (Taunton).—Surely it is good sometimes to turn away from the face of sorrow and make our hearts to laugh?

W. G. (Kirkhampton).—We have your story about the lady who has been "wearing the breeches." Let's hope the experiment won't make her an unmentionable "as in her prime."

Mrs. William Gindon (6, Stanley Street, Close House, Bishop Auckland).—Congratulations on winning £250 in our "Bullets" Competition. We note you are a minor reading in a small village. You must have "set the village alight."

"ONE WHO KNOWS" (Northwich).—The publican who refused you a drink, while on leave from the Front, on the ground that you were not a regular customer, deserved to be choked in his own beer.

"AN OLD CONTEMPTIBLE."—When you married your wife, the authorities refused her discharge from the W.A.A.C. Evidently they were as fond of her as you are.

H. D. (London) tells us that the German, Werner, employed by the Savoy Taylors' Guild, is sixty-six years of age and has been with them for a number of years. He says that the man is watched by the manager of the place and the police, and is not allowed to come in contact with our troops.

A. W. (Spalding).—To use, once in a blue moon, the friendly colloquialism "skivy," implies nothing derogatory, and need not offend the most thin-skinned—skivy.

F. W. C. (France).—According to British reckoning, a billion equals a million of millions. America may follow the French, who call a thousand millions one billion. Have you come into some money?

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

"THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE."

We guarantee the goods advertised by any firm whose trade announcement appears in these pages, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for the value of the goods and services represented at the time of purchase and the offer of repayment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show good cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any such goods or services we will refund the purchase money provided the goods, when returned within seven days, are found, on the date of delivery, to be in good condition, and the services rendered satisfactory. Complaints should be addressed to the Manager, John Bull, 12, Tudor Street, London, E.C.4.

CURES STOMACH TROUBLE OR MONEY BACK.

INSTANT RELIEF GUARANTEED.

Recently a well-known authority on the treatment of stomach troubles, who has claimed that practically all stomach trouble is due to acidity, decided to put his theory to the test. Every sufferer from stomach trouble was told to take half a teaspoonful of pure *bisurated* magnesia in a little water immediately after eating or whenever pain was felt. The test completely vindicated his theory, for immediate relief was indicated in each of the first hundred reports received, showing conclusively that the trouble had been due to stomach acid which, as is well known by all physicians, is instantly neutralised by *bisurated* magnesia. Since making known this test, the well-known chemists who have specialised in preparing pure *bisurated* magnesia exclusively for stomach use have arranged to place in every package of genuine *bisurated* magnesia a binding guarantee contract of satisfaction or money back—proof positive of their belief that nearly every so-called dyspeptic is really suffering from acidity—and their confidence that genuine *bisurated* magnesia will instantly neutralise stomach acid, stop food fermentation, and cure all stomach troubles caused thereby. Always look for the same "*Bisurated*" on the label and the guarantee contract inside the package.—(ADVT.)

HOW TO GET RID OF CATARRH.

A SIMPLE, SAFE, RELIABLE WAY, AND IT COSTS NOTHING TO TRY.

Those who suffer from catarrh know its miseries. There is no need of this suffering. You can get rid of it by a simple, safe, inexpensive home treatment discovered by Dr. Blosser, who, for over thirty-six years, has been treating catarrh successfully. His treatment is unlike any other. It is not a spray, douche, salve, cream, or inhaler, but is a more direct and thorough treatment than any of these. It cleans out the head, nose, throat, and lungs so that you can again breathe freely and sleep without that stopped-up feeling that all catarrh sufferers have. It heals the diseased mucous membranes and arrests the foul discharges, so that you will not be constantly blowing your nose and spitting, and at the same time it does not poison the system and ruin the stomach, as internal medicines do. If you want to test this treatment without cost, send your address to Dr. Blosser, Ltd. (Dept. 21B), 8, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, who will send you by return of post enough of the medicine to satisfy you that it is all that they claim for it as a remedy for catarrh, catarrhal headaches, catarrhal deafness, asthma, bronchitis, colds, and all catarrhal complications. They will also send you free an illustrated booklet. Write them immediately. On sale at Boots' Cash Chemists and other chemists' shops.—(ADVT.)

BE MEASURED FOR YOUR SUIT BY POST.

The astonishing popularity of our Darlington Suits plainly proves how popular they are with men, and these smartly-made Suits may be worn Sunday and week-day with equal pleasure. Lining are best class, and no expert is the tailoring employed, that you get, besides up-to-date fashion, a perfect fit and good wearing cloth. The price is only 77/6 if on credit; or in the 6 discount of this price for cash down. Write for self-measurement form and book of fashions, and ask for light or dark cloth patterns, or for both if you want both kinds.

GATESBYS LTD.

(Dept. 6B, 24-27, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.)

"Do your Damnedest!"

—to give your boys refreshing comfort amid their present discomforts. Send them McClinton's Shaving Soap or Cream—made entirely from pure vegetable oils and plant ash, thus yielding an exquisitely mild, rich and creamy non-drying lather which immediately softens the beard and ensures a refreshingly clean, close shave and the skin left smooth and plastic.

McCLINTON'S Shaving Soaps & Cream

Hibérala, In Sticks - - - - - - - - 1/-
Esquisite " " - - - - - - - - 9d.
Shaving Cream, in Pots or Tubes - 9d. & 1/-

Free—A generous-sized sample cake of the famous Colleen Soap, together with a copy of The Colleen Book of British Beauty sent on receipt of 2d. for packing and postage.

McCLINTON'S LTD., (Dept. A-O.16), Donaghmore, IRELAND.

A COUGH SYRUP CHILDREN LIKE.

EASILY MADE AT HOME.

A wonderfully effective cough syrup, which children all like because it is so pleasant to take, and which combines the wonderfully healing and curative properties of Norway pine, pine tar, and wild cherry bark can be made at home quite cheaply from the following recipe. Obtain a 3oz. bottle of pure bitrate of tar from the chemist; pour this into a jug, and slowly add sufficient hot water to make up to half a pint, stirring well all the time. Let it stand until cold, then bottle and cork tightly and the cough syrup is ready for use. For children I find from half a teaspoonful to a teaspoonful every hour or two will conquer the most obstinate cough in a short time and give relief from that tickling irritation with the first dose. Adults should take one teaspoonful every two or three hours according to the severity of the cough.—(ADVT.)

Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give **TWO, THREE,** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—GETTING CROSS. Bullet:—THOSE WAITING IN QUEUES. Example:—ASKING THE WIFE. Bullet:—NOT ALWAYS ADVISABLE. Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated February 23rd, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S dated February 2nd.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 272.

HAIG'S JOB	NECK OR NOTHING	GOOD RESULTS	HAVING A GOOD TIME
TROUBLE AHEAD IF	THE PUBLIC BAR	HOARDING FOOD	ARTFUL DOG
DINING OUT	TOMMY'S FAVOURITE	SAVING HER FACE	WHO'S TO BLAME?
ENDING THE QUEUE	A WARM CUSTOMER	HALF MEASURES	LIVELY GIRL
MAKES MOTHER TIRED	KEEPING WATCH	PRUSSIAN DIET	HELD UP
DANGEROUS TO PLAY WITH	FIRST LOVE LETTER	ASKING THE WIFE	PAYING THE PIPER
EVERYBODY DISLIKES	WAR AIMS	FIRST BABY	GETTING CROSS
BARGAIN SALES	DREADS THE FIRE	DEAL OF TROUBLE	MAKES KAISER GRUMBLE

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 7th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(272) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 2 coupons is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 272, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 7th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(272) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

No.____ Closing Date. Thursday, February 7th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
272) P.O. No._____ Signed_____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below. Address_____
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for **Next Week's** "Bullets" Competition **No. 273.** **These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14th, 1918.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **273** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" **No. 273,** JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 3. Such Coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 273.

PEACE OFFERS	NOT MUCH LONGER	STANDING ARMY	CAUSES DISCONTENT
I DON'T THINK	MOTHER'S SHOPPING	HOW TO PUNISH PROFITEERS	MOST FOOLISH TO
GERMAN DODGES	AFTER A BIT	AT MEAL TIMES	NO GENTLEMAN
GET RICH QUICK	THE CONTEMPTIBLES	LOVELY WOMAN	AFTER THE WEDDING
LITTLE TOTS	WHEN WIFE PLEASES	WE THOUGHT ONCE	THE KAISER'S WEAK SPOT

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two examples may be written on each coupon.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be folded in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and consideration of the entry is the express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 269th "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £500:

Miss E. W. COUPER,
30, Derby Street,
Sandyford, Glasgow.

Example:—SHY YOUNG MAN.
Bullet:—STILL "MULTIPLYING" IN WHITEHALL.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Corporal W. STONE, R.E.,
R.E. Offices,
Penner Barracks,
Pembroke Dock.

Example:—PLEASANT READING.
BULLET:—WE'LL NEVER "GIVE UP."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. ALBERT COLBORNE,
38, Smith Street,
Bradford, Yorks.

Example:—SHOULD BE STOPPED.
Bullet:—REASON FROM "GO UP."

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Sergt. W. A. GEORGE, 147, Globe Road, Mile End Road, Norwich:
COMMON GOSSIP—WE'RE "BUILDING ON" AEROPLANES.

Mr. E. FINCH, 6, Parcenth Road, Stamford Hill, London, N.:
PLEASANT READING—SUCCESSFULLY "REPORT" CASUALTIES.

Mr. A. HOOBE, 37, Ketley Bank, Oakengates, Salop:
SPECIAL CONSTABLE—HENRYEK'S ONLY, RIGHT OUT. (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mrs. M. DEACON, Cliff Terrace, Crigglestone, Wakefield:
PLEASANT READING—STATEMENT CARDS BEING ENLARGED.

Mr. T. SAXTON, 10, Main Street, Long Eaton, Nottingham:
THE KAISER DOUBT—HIMSELF. "IS FIRST PLACE."

Mr. J. H. NELSON, 32, Craigmont Drive, Maryhill, Glasgow:
SPECIAL CONSTABLE—OF WORLD—KAISER'S AMBITION.

Miss A. HOBSON, "Maulden," Caterham Valley, Surrey:
DEALING WITH FRITZ—"ALIEN" TO MY MIND.

Mr. D. RUSSELL, 750, London Rd., Bridgeton, Glasgow:
COMMON GOSSIP—WOMEN COULD DO BETTER.

Miss MARIE NOLAN, 111, Claremont Road, Wavertree, Liverpool:
PLEASANT READING—ONLY SOME GERMANS ALLOWED.

Mr. HORACE MILLS, 36, Harbour Road, Barry, Glam.:
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Pte. T. BRIGGS, c/o 3, Denmark Road, Sheerness:
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Mr. T. PEARCE, 202, Hexthorpe Road, Doncaster:
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Mr. W. O. REILLY, 12, Brocklebank Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.:
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Mrs. MILLAR, Denny Mill, Denny:
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Mr. G. E. GREGORY, 27, Ada St., Westoe, S. Shields:
TOO MUCH TALK—BEFORE RELIEF FUNDS ADMINISTERED.

Mr. A. S. BASSETT, 2, Stockton Road, Coventry:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY PROPHESIES—RIOT SOON—NOT MARKETS.

Mr. G. PACKHAM, 6, The Pavement, Klagston Road, Teddington:
FOOD FOR ALL IF—IT LASTED LIKE GOVERNMENT.

Mrs. L. HALSTEAD, 6, Stillness Road, Honor Oak Park, London, S.E.:
DEALING WITH FRITZ—NOT "FOR THE WORLD."

Mr. V. BOTTERKEARN, Home and Colonial Stores, Hove:
SHOULD BE STOPPED—EVERYTHING FLYING NEUTRAL FLAG.

Mr. A. DOUGLAS, 10, Henry Street, Coventry:
FOOD FOR ALL IF—NEUTRALS SUPPLIED "THEIR OWN."

List of the Prize-Winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 270 will be published in next week's issue of this journal. Meanwhile, lists of all prize-winners in previous "Bullets" competitions may be seen on the Editor's notice board.

BAD COUGH AND WHEEZING.

Little Baby Saved from Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Denyer, of Ditchcho Place, Brighton says: "Baby was only nine months old when he had a bad attack of Bronchitis. It came on quite suddenly and soon was so severe that the attacks of coughing would last half an hour. His chest seemed quite choked up, and the wheezing was very bad. I feared it was going to be whooping cough as well as bronchitis.

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Jackie Denyer.

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Feb. 2, 1918.

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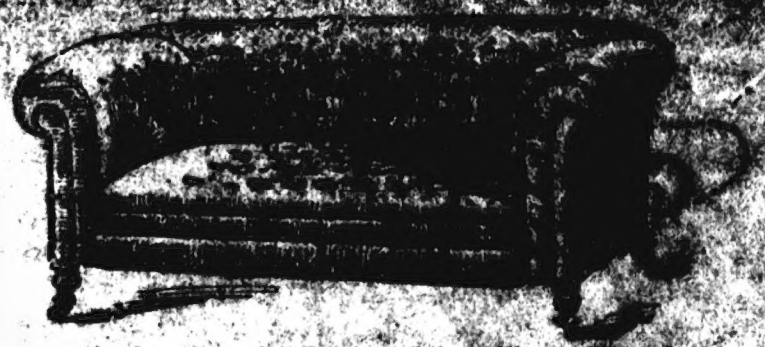

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